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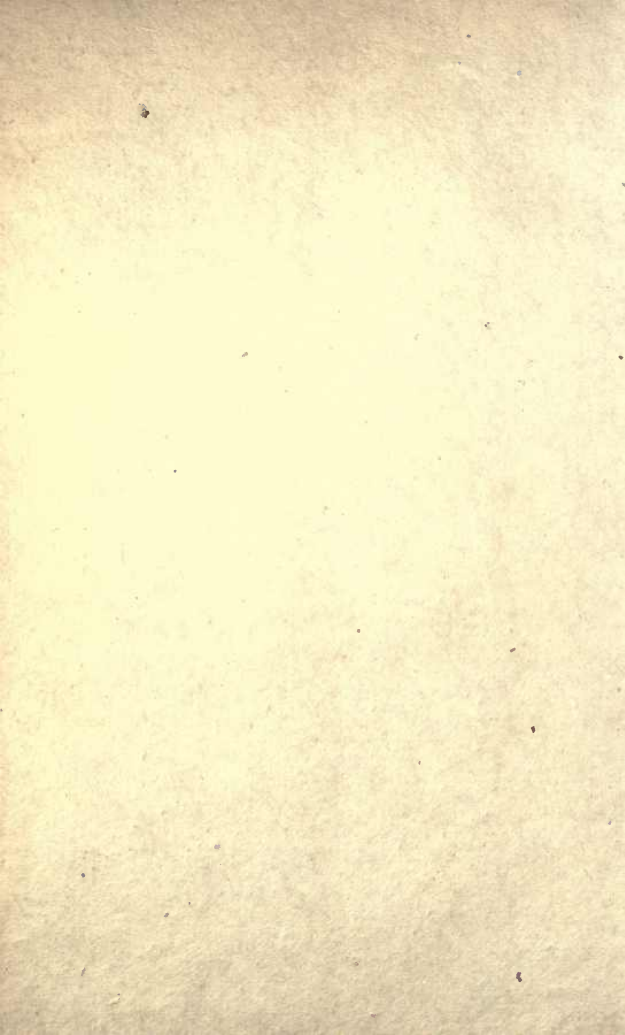


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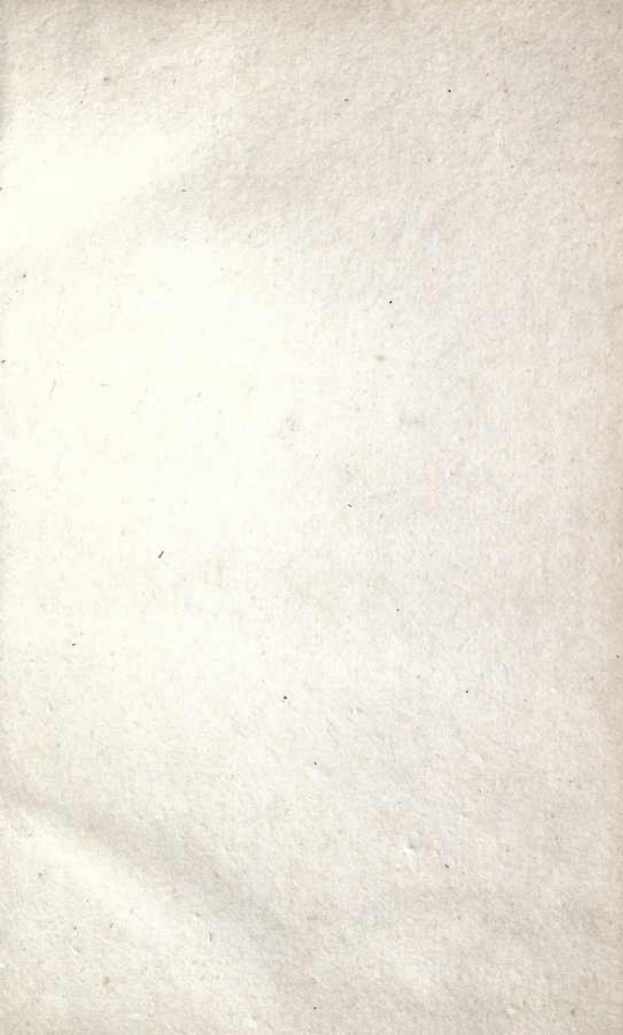


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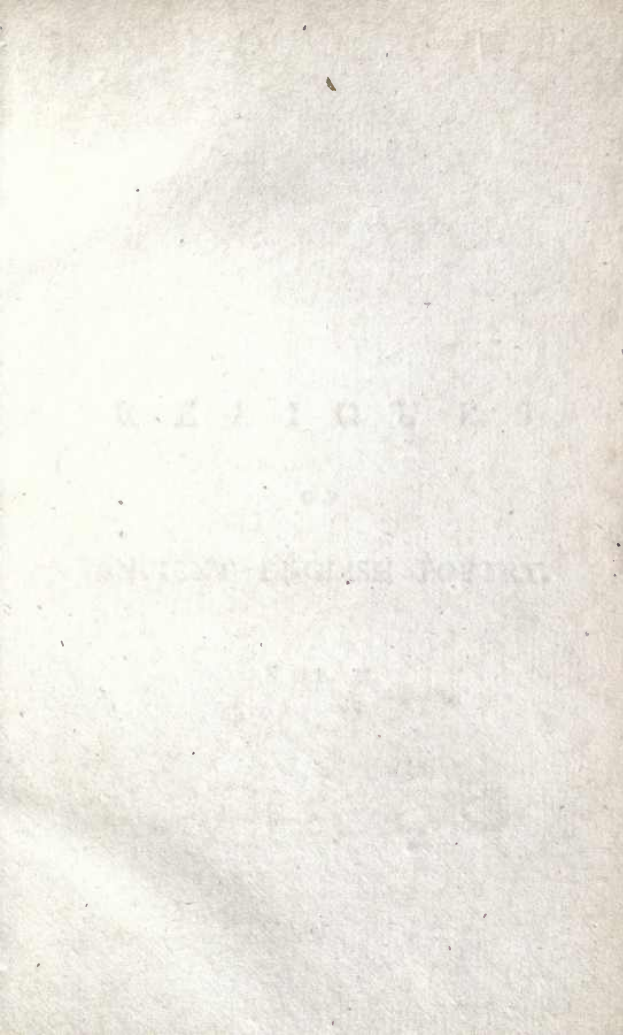














R E L I Q U E S  
O F  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

V O L. II.

R E L I G I O U S

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.



S.B. Hurst

1934

R E L I Q U E S  
O F  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:  
CONSISTING OF  
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other  
PIECES of our earlier POETS,  
Together with some few of later Date.  
THE FOURTH EDITION.  
VOLUME THE SECOND.



L O N D O N:  
PRINTED BY JOHN NICHOLS,  
FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON.  
MDCCXCIV.



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CONSISTING OF  
 ON THE HISTORY, DOCTRINE, AND OTHER  
 PARTS OF OUR ANTIQ. POETRY  
 TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE BEST  
 OF THE FOURTH EDITION.  
 IN TWO VOLUMES THE SECOND.



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Though some make flight of LIBELS, yet you may see by them how the wind fits: As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

RELIGION.



RELICKS  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

*“ A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de  
“ Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes,  
“ which was fought May 14, 1264,”*

*—affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and shews  
that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of  
abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of  
very long standing.*

VOL. II.

B

To



To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive.—The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of THIRTY THOUSAND pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentations of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of WALINGFORD and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243.—WINDSOR castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners; a circumstance which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d st. alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard king of the Romans took refuge in a Windmill which he barricadoed, and maintained for some time against the Barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the Chronicle of Mailros. Oxon. 1634. p. 229.

The 4th st. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the Barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In

*In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th and 7th sts. insinuates, that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home; a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad; for, in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin, &c.*

*The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. f. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; th being every where expressed by the character þ; the y is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the i hath an oblique stroke over it.*

*Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty: on the other, Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws: and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.*

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;  
The kyng of Alemaigne, by my leaute,  
Thritti thousent pound askede he  
For te make the pees in the countre,

Ant so he dude more.

5

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,

Tricthen shalt thou never more.

Ver. 2. kyn. MS.

B 2

Richard

4 ANCIENT POEMS.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,  
He spende al is tresfour opon swyvyng,  
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlȳng,  
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,  
Maugre Wyndesore.

Richard, that thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,  
He faisede the mulne for a castel,  
With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,  
He wende that the sayles were mangonel  
To helpe Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever. &c.

Richard, that thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys hofst, 20  
 Makede him a castel of a mulne post,  
 Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bofst,  
 Brohte from Alemayne mony fori gofst  
 To store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c. 25

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,  
That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne :  
He hath robbed Engeland, the mores, ant th fenne,  
The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,  
For love of Wyndesore.

Richard, that thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simon de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,  
Hevede he nou here the erl of Warÿn.

Shuld.



# ANCIENT POEMS.

5

Shuld he never more come to isyn,  
Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with oþer gyn, 35  
To help of Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore by ys cop,  
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot: 10  
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot 40  
Shulde he never more with his sot pot  
To helpe Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward,  
Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy lyard  
Al the ryhte way to Doevere-ward, 45  
Shalt thou never more breke foreward ;  
Ant that reweth fore  
Edward, thou dudest as a shreward,  
Forfoke thyn emes lore 50  
Richard, &c.

Ver. 40. g'te here MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Gloss.  
Ver. 44. This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

\* \* This Ballad will rise in its importance with the Reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occasioned a Law in our statute Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people." (WESTM. PRIMER, c. 34. anno 3. Edw. 1.) That it had this effect is the opinion of an eminent Writer: See "Observations upon the Statutes, &c." 4to. 2d. Edit. 1766, p. 71. However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first Law against Libels.

## II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD  
THE FIRST.

*We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I. died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch who succeeded, immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures.—To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eulogy in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.*

*This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities:*

*cularities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the distance of half a century contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.*

**A** LLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,  
 A stounde herkneth to my song  
 Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,  
 That maketh me fyke, ant forewe among;  
 Of a knyht, that wes so strong, 5  
 Of wham God hath don ys wille;  
 Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,  
 That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englund ahte for te knowe  
 Of wham that song is, that y synge; 10  
 Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,  
 Zent al this world is nome con springe:  
 Trewest mon of alle thinge,  
 Ant in werre war ant wys,  
 For him weahte oure honden wrynge, 15  
 Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,  
 He spek ase mon that wes in care,  
 " Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,  
 " Y charge ou by oure sware, 20

# 8 ANCIENT POEMS.

“ That ye to Engelonde be trewe.  
 “ Ydeze, y ne may lyven na more ;  
 “ Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,  
 “ For he is nest to buen y-core.

“ Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt, 25  
 “ That hit be write at my devys,  
 “ Over the fee that Hue \* be diht,  
 “ With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,  
 “ In werre that buen war ant wys,  
 “ Azein the hethene for te fyhte, 30  
 “ To wyne the croix that lowe lys,  
 “ Myself ycholde zef that y myhte.”

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest ‘ sinne,’  
 That thou the counsail woldest fonde,  
 To latte the wille of ‘ Edward kyng’ 35  
 To wende to the holy londe :  
 That oure kyng hede take on honde  
 All Engeland to zeme ant wyffe,  
 To wenden in to the holy londe  
 To wynnen us heveriche blisse. 40

The messager to the pope com,  
 And seyde that our kyng was ded :  
 Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,  
 Ywis his herte was full gret :

\* The name of the person who was to preside over this business.  
 Ver. 33 funne. MS. Ver. 35. king Edward. MS. Ver. 43. ys is  
 probably a contraction of in hys or yn his.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 9

The Pope him self the lettre redde, 45

Ant spec a word of gret honour.

“ Alas ! he feid, is Edward ded ?

“ Of Christendome he ber the flour.”

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,

For dol ne mihte he speke na more ; 50

Ant after cardinals he sende,

That muche couthen of Cristes lore,

Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,

Bed hem bothe rede ant syng :

Gret deol me myhte se thore, 55

Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse

With ful gret solempnetè,

Ther me con the soule blesse :

“ Kyng Edward honoured thou be : 60

“ God love thi sone come after the,

“ Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,

“ The holy crois y-mad of tre,

“ So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

“ Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore 65

“ The flour of al chivalrie

“ Now kyng Edward liveth na more :

“ Alas ! that he zet shulde deye !

# 10 ANCIENT POEMS.

“ He wolde ha rered up ful heyze  
 “ Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde ;  
 “ Wel ! longe we mowe clepe and crie 70  
 “ Er we a such kyng han y-founde.”

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan  
 King of Engeland al aplyht,  
 God lete him ner be worse man  
 Then his fader, ne lasse of myht, 75  
 To holden is pore men to ryht,  
 And understonde good counsail,  
 Al Engelong for to wyffe ant dyht ;  
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah my tonge were mad of stel, 80  
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,  
 The godness myht y never telle,  
 That with kyng Edward was :  
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,  
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys ; 85  
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,  
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.

\* \* *Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as seemingly redundant, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the page, viz.*

That lasteth ay withouten ende,  
 Bidde we God, ant our Ledy to thilke blis  
 Jesus us sende. Amen.



III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

*This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call RONDEAU, very naturally englished by our honest countrymen ROUND O. Tho' so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their WINGS and AXES: the great father of English poetry may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary RONDEAU.—Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.*

I. 1.

**Y**OURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,  
I may the beaute of them not sustene,  
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely  
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,  
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,  
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;  
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.

Youre two eyn, &c.

II. 1. So

## II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chafed  
 Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyne;  
 For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

## 2.

Giltles my deth thus have ye purchased;  
 I fey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:  
 So hath your beaute fro your herte chafed.

## 3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed  
 So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn  
 To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.  
 So hath youre beauty, &c.

## III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,  
 I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;  
 Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

## 2.

He may answere, and fey this and that,  
 I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;  
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

## 3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,  
 And he is strike out of my bokes clene:  
 For ever mo 'ther \*' is none other mene.  
 Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

\* This MS.



VI.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

“OR, THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING  
“OF TIBBE, THE REEV’S DAUGHTER THERE.”

*It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro’ the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyne of sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers \*, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures: he accordingly made use of the keen one of RIDICULE. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scu-cheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the*

\* See [Mr. Hurd’s] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. *Memoirs de la Chevalerie*, par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo. &c.  
prize,

prize,—and the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn sopperies that usually attended the pompous Turnament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to. by the rev. Whilhem Bedwel, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died, with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, intituled, Passio Domini Jesu Christi. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III. because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign. “I do verily beleeeve,” says he, “that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of K. Edward. “For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, “which was so straightly forbidden, both by the ci-vill and “ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with “lances, yet, as our authour sayth, “It was no childrens “game.” And what would have become of him, thinke “you, which should have slayne another in this manner of “jeasting? Would he not, trow you, have been HANG’D “FOR IT IN EARNEST? YEA, AND HAVE BENE “BURIED LIKE A DOGGE?” It is however well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an

*ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of K. Hen. VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of THO. TYRWHITT, esq. and he has chiefly followed that more authentic Transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's Book.*

OF all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kinde ;  
 Of fele feyztyng folk ferly we fynde ;  
 The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde ;  
 It were harme fych hardynes were holden byhynde,

In story as we rede

5

Of Hawkyn, of Herry,  
 Of Tomkyn, of Terry,  
 Of them that were dughty  
 And stalworth in dede.

It besel in Totenham on a dere day,  
 Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way :  
 Theder com al the men of the contray  
 Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,  
 And all the swete swynkers.

10

Ther hopped Hawkyn,  
 Ther daunfed Dawkyn,  
 Ther trumped Tomkyn,  
 And all were trewe drynkers.

15

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,  
 That they schuld reckyn ther scot and ther counts cast ;

*Ver. 20. It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be counts, or  
 conters.*

Perkyn

16      ANCIENT POEMS.

Perkyn the potter into the pres fast,  
And sayd Randol the rese, a dozter thou hast,

Tyb the dere :

Therfor faine wyt wold I,

Whych of all thys bachelery

25

Were best worthye

To wed hur to hys fere.

Upstyrthos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,  
And sayd, Randol the rese, lo ! thys lad raves ;

Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves ;

30

We er rycher men then he, and mor gode have  
Of cattell and corn.

Then sayd Perkyn, To Tybbe I have hyzt

That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,

If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,

35

Or elles zet to morn.

Then sayd Randolfe the rese, Ever be he waryd,

That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd :

I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,

But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd ;

40

Therfor a Turnament schal begynne

Thys day sevenyzt,—

Wyth a flayl for to fyzt :

And ‘ he’, that is most of myht

Schal brouke hur wyth wyne.

45

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,

Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent,

For

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 17

For to wynne my dozter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,  
And 'coppell' my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out of  
Kent :

And my dunnyd kowe 50  
For no spens wyl I spare,  
For no cattell wyl I care,  
He schal have my gray mare,  
And my spottyd sowe.

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede : 55  
Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they zede ;  
And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,  
Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.

They armed ham in matts ;  
Thay set on ther nollys, 60  
For to kepe ther pollys,  
Gode blake bollys,  
For batryng of bats.

Thay sowed tham in schepe-skynnes, for thay schuld not  
brest :

Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest : 65  
'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'  
And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,  
Furth goa thay fare :

Ther was kyd mekyl fors,  
Who schuld best fend hys cors : 70  
He that had no gode hors,  
He gat hym a mare.

*Ver. 48. Dozty. MS. V. 49. coppeld. We still use the phrase "a  
coppell-c owned ben." V. 57. gayed. PC. V. 66. is wanting in  
MS. and supplied from PC. V. 71. He borrowed him. PC.*

18      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Sych another gadryng have I not fene oft,  
 When all the gret company com rydand to the croft:  
 Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft      75  
 On a sek ful of fedys, for scho schuld fyt soft,  
 And led 'till the gap'.

For cryeng of the men  
 Forther wold not Tyb then,  
 Tyl scho had hur brode hen      80  
 Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the nonys,  
 And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,  
 And a broche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre' stonys,  
 Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the  
 nonys;      85

For no 'spendings' thay had spared.  
 When joly Gyb saw hur thare,  
 He gyrd so hys gray mare,  
 'That scho lete a fowkin' fare  
 At the rereward.      90

I wow to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lese behynde,  
 May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,  
 Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,  
 For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

*Ver. 76. The MS. had once fedys, i. e. seeds, which appears to have been altered to fedys, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Senvy, i. e. Mustard-feed. V. 77. And led hur to cap. MS. V. 83. Bedwell's PC. has 'Ruel-Bones'. V. 84. safer stones. MS. V. 85. wrotyn, i. e. wrought. PC. reads, written. V. 86. No catel [perhaps chatel] they had spared. MS. V. 89. Then ... faucon. MS.*



# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 19

I wot I schall hym greve. 95

Wele fayd, quoth Hawkyn.

And I wow, quoth Dawkyn,

May I mete wyth Tomkyn,

Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, fon schal thou se, 100

Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre:

I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the;

In what place so I come thay schal have dout of me,

Myn armes ar so clere:

I bere a reddyl, and a rake, 105

Poudred wyth a brenand drake,

And three cantells of a cake

In ycha cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the gowt,

Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand' here aboute, 110

Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,

Inycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute,

When I begyn to play.

I make avowe that I ne schall,

But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 115

Or I be thryes don fall,

Ryzt onys com away.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede;

Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,

*Ver. 101. grant. MS.*

*V. 109. yf he have. MS.*

*V. 110. the MS. literally has th<sup>r</sup>. fand, here.*

20      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede,      120.

I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede:

I am armed at the full;

In myn armys I bere wele

A doz trogh, and a pele,

A fadyll wythout a panel!,      125

Wyth a fles of woll.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra,

Whyls me ys left my 'mare,' thou gets hurr not swa;

For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rae,

Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga;      130

Sche wul ne nozt begyle:

Sehe wyl me bere, I dar say,

On a lang somerys day,

Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,

Nozt other half myle.      135

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of cold rost,

I schal wyrch 'wysfelyer' withouten any boft:

Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,

I wot I schal thaym wyne, and bryng thaym to my cost,

And here I grant thaym Tybbe.      140

Wele boyes here ys he,

That wyl fyzt, and not fle,

For I am in my jolyte,

Wyth so forth, Gybbe.

*Ver. 137. swysfelyer. MS.*

*Ver. 128. merth. MS.*

When



When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay hie, 145  
 Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumpe mad of tre:  
 Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre;  
 Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselfes wold be:

Thayr baners were ful bryzt  
 Of an old rotten fell; 150  
 The cheveron of a plow-mell;  
 And the schadow of a bell,  
 Poudred wyth the mone lyzt.

I wot yt 'was' no chy'der game, whan thay togedyr met,  
 When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet, 155  
 And layd on flyfly, for nothyng wold thay let,  
 And focht ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet,  
 And few wordys spoken.

Ther were flayles al to flatred,  
 Ther were scheldys al to flatred, 160  
 Bollis and dyches al to schatred,  
 And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-sadellys, & clatterynge of  
 cannes;

Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes;  
 Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-pannes,  
 And yil were thay besene, or thay went thauns, 166

*Ver.* 146. flayles, and harnisse. *PC.*  
*V.* 154. yt ys. *MS.*

*V.* 151. The Chiefe. *PC.*

Wyth swyppying of swepyls:

Thay were so wery for-foght,

Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,

But creped about in the 'croft,'

170

As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute;

Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte:

An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute!

That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,

175

For no cost wyl I spare.

He flyrt up as a snayle,

And hent a capul be the tayle,

And 'rest' Dawkin hys flayle,

And wan there a mare.

180

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa:

Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had don sa;

Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with tha;

The Capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,

But styl gon thay stond.

185

Alas! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese;

Mee had lever then a ston of chese,

That dere Tyb had al these,

And wyft it were my fond.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang,

190

Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he wrang;

*Ver. 168. The boyes were MS. V. 170. creped then about in the*

*croft. MS.*

*V. 179. razt. MS.*

*V. 185. stand MS.*

*V. 189. sand. MS.*

He

He threw tham down to the erth, and thraſt tham amang,  
When he ſaw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,

And after hym ran;

Off his horſe he hym drogh, 195

And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh:

We te he! quoth Tyb, and lugh,

Ye er a dughy man.

‘ Thus’ thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt:

All the wyves of Tottenham came to ſe that fyzt 200

Wyth wyſpes, and kexis, and ryſchys there lyzt,

To fetch hom ther huſbandes, that were tham trouth plyzt;

And ſum brozt gret harwos,

Ther huſbandes hom to fetch,

Sum on dores, and ſum on hech, 205

Sum on hyrdyllys, and ſom on crech,

And ſum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, ‘ on’ everych fyde,

And grant hym ther ‘ the gre,’ the more was hys pryde:

Tyb and he, wyth gret ‘ mirth,’ homward com thay ryde,

And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde; 211

And thay ‘ to church went:’

So wele hys nedys he has ſped,

That dere Tyb he ‘ hath’ wed;

The prayſe-folk, that hur led, 215

Were of the Turnament.

*Ver.* 199. *Thys. MS.* *V.* 204. hom for to fetch. *MS.* *V.* 208. about everych fide. *MS.* *V.* 209. the gre, is wanting in *MS.* *V.* 210. mothe. *MS.* *V.* 212. And thay iſere affent. *MS.* *V.* 214. had wed. *MS.* *V.* 215. The cheefemen. *PC.*

24      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones ;  
Some come hyphalte, and some trippand ' thither' on the  
    stonys ;

Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys ;  
Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder  
    bonys : 220

With sorrow come thay thedyr,  
    Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,  
    Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,  
    And so was all the bachelary,  
    When thay met togedyr. 225

\* At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,  
Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay ;  
And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day ;  
And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray :

    Mekyl myrth was them among ; 230  
    In every corner of the hous  
    Was melody delycyous  
    For to here precyus  
    Of fix menys song †,

*Ver. 218, trippand on. MS.*

\* *In the former impressions this concluding stanza was only given from Bedwell's printed Edition, but it is here copied from the old MS. wherein it has been since found separated from the rest of the poem, by several pages of a money account, and other heterogeneous matter.*

† *Six-men's song, i. e. a song for six voices. So Shakespeare uses Three-men song-men, in his Winter's Tale, A. III. sc. 2. to denote men that could sing Catches composed for three Voices. Of this sort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned below, Book II. Song 9. So again Shakesp. has Three-men Beetle; i. e. a Beetle or Rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. IV. A. I. Sc. 3.*

V. F O R

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

*That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given meerly as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied in a small plate at the end of this volume.*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!*

O WRE kyng went forth to Normandy,  
With grace and myzt of chivalry;  
The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,  
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry 5

*Deo gratias:*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,  
To Harflue toun with ryal aray;  
That toun he wan, and made a fray, 10  
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Then

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,  
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;  
 He spared 'for' drede of leste, ne most, 15  
 Tyl he come to Agincourt ceste.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Than for sothe that knyzt comely  
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,  
 Thorow grace of God most myzty 20  
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,  
 Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,  
 And some were ledde in to Lundone 25  
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,  
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,  
 Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge, 30  
 That we with merth mowe favelly synge

*Deo gratias:*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*



VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

*The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's HENRY AND EMMA, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the PROLUSIONS, 8vo. 1700; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book,\* preserved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prolusions will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v. 310.*

*It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The Ballad of the NUTBROWNE MAYD was first revived in "The Muses Mercury for June, 1707." 4to. being prefaced with a little "Essay on the "old English Poets and Poetry;" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior, who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned WANLEY, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to*

\* This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first Edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the Song begins at folio 75. The Poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus 'Mr. W.'

Wanley,

*Wanley*, appears from two letters of *Prior's* preserved in the *British Museum* [*Harl. MSS. N° 3777.*] The Editor of the *Prolusions* thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in *Sir Thomas More's Tale of THE SERJEANT*, &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if *Sir Thomas More* made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquary like *Arnolde* would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of *Flodden-field*, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

- "Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
- "That I may say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
- "And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;
- "And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;
- "I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
- "That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
- "Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c."

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as *Wanley* and *Prior*, nor quite so low as the editor of the *Prolusions*: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

**B**E it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
 On women do complayne \* ;  
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is  
 A labour spent in vayne,  
 To love them wele; for never a dele 5  
 They love a man agayne:  
 For late a man do what he can,  
 Theyr favour to attayne,  
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
 Theyr first true lover than 10  
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought  
 He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day  
 It is bothe writ and sayd  
 That womans faith is, as who sayth, 15  
 All utterly decayd;  
 But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse  
 In this case might be layd,  
 That they love true, and continde:  
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde: 20  
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
 To her to make his mone,  
 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart  
 She loved but hym alone.

\* *My friend Mr. Farmer proposes to read the first lines thus as a Latinism:*

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,  
 On women to complayne.

*Ver. 2. Woman. Prousions, and Mr. West's copy.*  
*i. e. their.*

*Ver. 11. her.*

Than

Than betwaine us late us dyscus 25  
 What was all the manere  
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also  
 Tell all the payne, and fere,  
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,  
 So that ye me answère; 30  
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be  
 I pray you, gyve an ere.  
 "I am the knyght; I come by nyght,  
 As secret as I can;  
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case, 35  
 I am a banyshed man."

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll  
 In this wyll nat refuse;  
 Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,  
 That men have an yll use 40  
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,  
 And causelesse them accuse:  
 Therfore to you I answere nowe,  
 All women to excuse,—  
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? 45  
 I pray you, tell anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do  
 Wherof grete harme shall growe: 50  
 My destiny is for to dy  
 A shamefull deth, I trowe;  
 Or elles to fle: the one must be.  
 None other way I knowe,  
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe, 55  
 And take me to my bowe.  
 Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!  
 None other rede I can:  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man. 60

SHE.

O lord, what is thys worldys blyffe,  
 That changeth as the mone!  
 My somers day in lusty may  
 Is derked before the none.  
 I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay, 65  
 We dèpart nat so sone.  
 Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?  
 Alas! what have ye done?  
 All my welfäre to forrowe and care  
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone; 70  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 63. The somers. Prol.*

HE.

H E.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,  
 And somewhat you dystayne;  
 But, aftyward, your paynes harde 75  
 Within a day or twayne  
 Shall sone aflake; and ye shall take  
 Comfort to you agayne.  
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,  
 Your labour were in vayne. 80  
 And thus I do; and pray you to,  
 As hartely, as I can;  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me 85  
 The secret of your mynde,  
 I shall be playne to you agayne,  
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.  
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,  
 I wolle not leve behynde; 90  
 Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd  
 Was to her love unkynde:  
 Make you redy, for so am I,  
 Although it were anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 95  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 91. Shall it never. Presl. and Mr. W. Ver. 94. Althought.*  
*Mr. W.*

H E.



HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede  
 What men wyll thynke, and fay :  
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,  
 That ye be gone away, 100  
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,  
 In grene wode you to play ;  
 And that ye myght from your delyght  
 No lenger make delay.  
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105  
 Be called an yll womàn,  
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,  
 That I sholde be to blame, 110  
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large  
 In hurtyng of my name :  
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love  
 It is devoyd of shame ;  
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse, 115  
 To part with you, the same :  
 And sure all tho, that do not so,  
 True lovers are they none ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone. 120

*Ver. 117. To shewe all. Prel. and Mr. W.*

H E.

I counceyle you, remember howe,  
 It is no maydens lawe,  
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
 To wode with an outlawe:  
 For ye must there in your hand bere 125  
 A bowe, redy to drawe;  
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,  
 Ever in drede and awe;  
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:  
 Yet had I lever than, 130  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,  
 It is no maydens lore:  
 But love may make me for your sake, 135  
 As I have sayd before  
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote  
 To gete us mete in store;  
 For so that I your company  
 May have, I aske no more: 140  
 From which to part, it maketh my hart  
 As colde as ony stone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 133. I say nat. Prol. and Mr. W.  
 Camb. copy.*

*Ver. 138. and store.*

H E.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, 145  
 That men hym take and bynde;  
 Without pytè, hanged to be,  
 And waver with the wynde.  
 If I had nede, (as God forbede!)  
 What rescous coude ye fynde? 150  
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 For fere wolde drawe behynde:  
 And no mervayle; for lytell avayle  
 Were in your counceyle than:  
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be  
 But feble for to fyght;  
 No womanhede it is indede  
 To be bolde as a knyght: 160  
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were  
 With enemyes day or nyght,  
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,  
 To greve them as I myght,  
 And you to save; as women have 165  
 From deth 'men' many one:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 150. secours. Prol. and Mr. W.*  
*Camb. Copy.*  
*and Mr. W.*

*Ver. 162. and night.*  
*Ver. 164. to helpe ye with my myght. Prol.*

H<sub>E</sub>.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede  
     That ye coude nat fustayne 170  
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,  
     The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
 The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,  
     We must lodge on the playne;  
 And, us above, none other rose 175  
     But a brake bush, or twayne:  
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;  
     And ye wolde gladly than  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
     Alone, a banyshed man. 180

S<sub>HE</sub>.

Syth I have here bene partynèr  
     With you of joy and blyffe,  
 I must also parte of your wo  
     Endure, as reson is:  
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre; 185  
     And, shortely, it is this:  
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,  
     I coude nat fare amyffe.  
 Without more speche, I you besече  
     That we were sone agone; 190  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
     -I love but you alone.

*Ver. 172. frost and rayne. Mr. W.*  
*Ver. 190. shortley gone. Prol. and Mr. W.*

*Ver. 174. Ye must, Prol.*

H<sub>E</sub>,

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must confyder,  
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,  
 There shall no mete be for you gete, 195  
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.  
 No shetés clene, to lye betwene,  
 Made of threde and twyne;  
 None other house, but leves and bowes,  
 To cover your hed and myne, 200  
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte  
 Sholde make you pale and wan;  
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wyld dere, such an archère, 205  
 As men say that ye be,  
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,  
 Where is so grete plentè:  
 And water clere of the ryvére  
 Shall be full swete to me; 210  
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele  
 Endure, as ye shail see;  
 And, or we go, a bedde or two  
 I can provyde anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215  
 I love bnt you alone.

*Ver. 196. Neyther bere. Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 201. Lo myn.  
 Mr. W. Ver. 207. May ye nat fayle. Prol. Ib, May nat fayle. Mr. W.*

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
 Yf ye wyll go with me:  
 As cut your here up by your ere,  
 Your kyrtel by the kne; 220  
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande  
 Your enemyes, yf nede be:  
 And this fame nyght before day-lyght,  
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.  
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, 225  
 Do it shortely as ye can;  
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you  
 Than longeth to womanhede; 230  
 To shote my here, a bowe to here,  
 To shote in tyme of nede.  
 O my swete mother, before all other  
 For you I have most drede:  
 But nowe, adue! I must ensue, 235  
 Where fortune doth me lede.  
 All this make ye: Now let us fle;  
 The day cometh fast upon;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone. 240

*Ver. 219. above your ere. Prol.  
 Prol. and Mr. W.*

*Ver. 220. above the kne.  
 Ver. 223. the fame. Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.



HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,  
 And I shall tell ye why,——  
 Your appetyght is to be lyght  
 Of love, I wele espy:  
 For, lyke as ye have fayed to me, 245  
 In lyke wyse hardely  
 Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,  
 In way of company.  
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;  
 And so is a womàn. 250  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede  
 Such wordes to say by me;  
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed, 255  
 Or I you loved, pardè:  
 And though that I of auncestry  
 A barons daughter be,  
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved  
 A squyer of lowe degrè; 260  
 And ever shall, whatso befall;  
 To dy therfore \* anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 251. For I must to the grene wode go, Prol. and Mr. W.  
 Ver. 253. yet is. Camb. Copy. Perhaps for yt is. Ver. 262. dy  
 with him. Editor's MS.*

*\* i. e. for this cause; tho' I were to die for having loved you.*

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde! 265  
 It were a curfed dede;  
 To be felàwe with an outlawe!  
 Almighty God forbede!  
 Yet beter were, the pore fquyàre  
 Alone to forest yede, 270  
 Than ye fholde fay another day,  
 That, by my curfed dede,  
 Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd,  
 The beft rede that I can,  
 Is, that I to the grene wode go, 275  
 Alone, a banyfhed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never fhall  
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:  
 But yf ye go, and leve me fo,  
 Than have ye me betrayd. 280  
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;  
 For, yf ye, as ye fayd,  
 Be fo unkynde, to leve behynde,  
 Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,  
 Trust me truly, that I fhall dy 285  
 Sone after ye be gone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all manyknde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 278. outbrayd. Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 282. ye be as. Prol.*  
*and Mr. W. Ver. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde.*  
*Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;  
 For in the forest nowe 290  
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,  
 Whom I love more than you;  
 Another fayrèrè, than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele avowe;  
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe 295  
 With other, as I trowe:  
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe;  
 So wyll I, yf I can;  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man. 300

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I wyll be your:  
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305  
 And courteys every hour;  
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
 Commaunde me to my power:  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
 'Of them I wolde be one;' 310  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 310. So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,  
 Yet wold I be that one.*

HE.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I fe the prove  
 That ye be kynde, and true;  
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, 315  
 The best that ever I knewe.  
 Be mery and glad, be no more fad,  
 The case is chaunged newe;  
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,  
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe. 320  
 Be nat disinayed; whatsoever I sayd  
 To you, whan I began;  
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,  
 I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me, 325  
 Than to be made a quene,  
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure:  
 But it is often sene,  
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke  
 The wordés on the splene. 330  
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,  
 And stele from me, I wene:  
 Than, were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more wo-begone:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 315. of all. Prol. and Mr. W.  
 and Mr. W.*

*Ver. 325. gladder. Prol.*

HE.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;  
 I wyll nat dysparage  
 You, (God defend!) fyth ye descend  
 Of so grete a lynage. 340  
 Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,  
 Which is myne herytage,  
 I wyll you brynge; and with a ryng,  
 By way of maryage  
 I wyll you take, and lady make, 345  
 As shortely as I can:  
 Thus have you won an erlys son,  
 And not a banyshed man."

AUTHOR.

"Here may ye se, that women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable: 350  
 Late never man reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable;  
 But, rather, pray God, that we may  
 To them be comfortable;  
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355  
 Yf they be charytable.  
 For fyth men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one;  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but hym alone. 360

*Ver. 340. grete lynyage. Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 347. Then have. Prol. Ver. 348. And no banyshed. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 352. This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W. Ver 355. proved—loved. Prol. and Mr. W. Ib. as loveth. Camb. V. 357. Forsoth. Prol. and Mr. W.*

## VII.

## A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

*The amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the Catal. of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.*

*This Ballad we owe to ROUSE a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own hand writing. In tempore, says this writer, incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: Sum what musyng, &c. "Rossi Hist. 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213." In Rouse the 2d Stanza, &c. is imperfect, but the Defects are here supplied from a more perfect Copy printed in "Ancient Songs, from the Time of K. Hen. III. to the Revolution," page 87.*

*This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus:*

- "Alene walkyng, In thought plainyng,  
 "And sore sighyng, All desolate."  
 "My remembryng Of my livyng  
 "My death wisbyng Bothe erly and late.  
 "Infortunate Is so my fate  
 "That wote ye what, Out of mesure  
 "My life I hate; Thus desperate  
 "In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."



SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,  
In remembring The unстыdfastnes;  
This world being Of such whelyng,  
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?

I fere dowlles, Remediles, 5  
Is now to sese My wofull chaunce.  
[For unkyndnes, Withouten les,  
And no redrefs, Me doth avaunce,

With displeaunce, To my grevaunce,  
And no suraunce Of remedy.] 10  
Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,  
Such is my dawnce, Wyllyng to dye.

Me thinkys truly, Bowndyn am I,  
And that gretly, To be content:  
Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry 15  
All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,  
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!  
But I ne went Thus to be shent,  
But sho hit ment; Such is hur won. 20

*Ver. 15. That fortune. Rossi Hist.*

*Ver. 19. went, i. e. weened.*

## VIII.

## CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

*The Reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS and VAUX, tho' nearly contemporaries ; if the following Song is the composition of that Sir NICHOLAS (afterwards Lord) VAUX, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.*

*And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his " Art of Eng. Poesie, 1589. 4to." a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. " In this figure "[Counterfait Action] the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a " noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, " and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having " herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the " Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for " the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every " part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his " ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. WHEN CUPID " SCALED, &c." p. 200. — For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. I.*

*The following Copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to. — See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.*

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,  
Wherein my hart lay wounded fore;  
The batry was of such a fort,  
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,  
How he his banner did display :  
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call :  
And bad his fouldiours kepe aray.

5

The

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 47

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,  
 Were pearced hartes with teares besprent, 10  
 In silver and sable to declare  
 The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest  
 In colours like to white and blacke,  
 With powder and with pelletes prest 15  
 To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,  
 Stode in the rampire brave and proude,  
 For spence of powder he spared not  
 Assault! assault! to crye aloude. 20

There might you heare the cannons rore;  
 Eche pece discharged a lovers loke;  
 Which had the power to rent, and tore  
 In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne 25  
 The scaling ladders were up set,  
 And Beautie walked up and downe,  
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,  
 And shrouded him under 'his' targe; 30  
 As one the worthiest of them all,  
 And aptest for to geve the charge.

*Ver. 30. her. Ed. 1557. so Ed. 1535.*

Then

Then pushed fouldiers with their pikes,  
 And halberdes with handy strokes;  
 The argabushe in fleshe it lightes, 35  
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And, as it is the fouldiers use  
 When shot and powder gins to want,  
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,  
 And pleaded up for my livès grant. 40

When Fansy thus had made her breche,  
 And Beauty entred with her band,  
 With bagge and baggage, fely wretch,  
 I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete, 45  
 And every fouldier to retire,  
 And mercy wyll'd with spede to fet  
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day  
 Hath served you at all assayes, 50  
 I yeld to you without delay  
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,  
 At whom you shot at with your eye;  
 Nedes must you with your handy warke, 55  
 Or salve my fore, or let me die.

\*\*\* SINCE

\* \* *SINCE* the foregoing Song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord VAUX the poet was not the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title.—For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir THOMAS WYAT, and the E. of SURREY, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his “*Art of English Poesie*, 1589.” in p. 48, having named SKELTON, adds, “*In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly Makers, [Poets] of whom Sir THOMAS WYAT th’ elder, and Henry Earl of SURREY were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . . . In the SAME TIME, or NOT LONG AFTER was the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings\*.*”—Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, ranges them in the following order, “*The E of Surrey, the Lord VAUX, Norton, Bristow.*” And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work, [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord VAUX after Surrey.—Again, the stile and measure of Lord VAUX’s pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyatt, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes:—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the *British Museum* is a copy of his poem, I lothe that I did love, [vid. vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, “*A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord VAUS, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death.*” Harl. MSS. No. 1703, §. 25.

It is evident then that Lord VAUX the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry vij. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale’s *Baronage*, the former was named THOMAS, and the latter WILLIAM: but this

\* i. e. Compositions in English.

difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux \*, except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

THOMAS Lord VAUX, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived 'till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son.

WILLIAM was not summoned to parl. till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, V. II. p. 304. — Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord THOMAS was the POET.

\* In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

## IX.

## S I R   A L D I N G A R.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and compleat the story.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the Author of this Poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.

OUR king he kept a false stewarde,  
     Sir Aldingar they him call;  
 A falser steward than he was one,  
     Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,      5  
     Her deere worshippe to betraye:

Our

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 51

Our-queene she was a good woman,  
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,  
With her hee was never content, 10  
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,  
In a fyre to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,  
A lazar both blinde and lame:  
He tooke the lazar upon his backe, 15  
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

“Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyest,  
“Looke thou goe not hence away;  
“He make thee a whole man and a sound  
“In two howers of the day \*.” 20

Then went him forth fir Aldingar,  
And hyed him to our king:  
“If I might have grace, as I have space,  
“Sad tydings I could bring.”

Say on, say on, fir Aldingar, 25  
Saye on the foothe to mee.  
“Our queene hath chosèn a new new love,  
“And shee will have none of thee.

\* He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.



“ If shee had chofen a right good knight,  
“ The leffe had beene her shame; 30  
“ But she hath chofe her a lazar man,  
“ A lazar both blinde and lame.”

If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
The tyding thou tellest to me,  
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight, 35  
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, fir Aldingar,  
As God nowe grant it bee!  
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,  
Shall hang on the gallows tree. 40

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,  
And opend to him the dore.  
A lodlye love, king Harry fays,  
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none, 45  
Here on my fword thouft dye;  
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,  
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyffe,  
And an angry man was hee; 50  
And foone he found queene Elinore,  
That bride fo bright of -blee.

Now

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 53

Now God you fave, our queene, madame,  
 And Christ you fave and see ;  
 Heere you have chofen a newe newe love, 55  
 And you will have none of mee.

If you had chofen a right good knight,  
 The leffe had been your shame :  
 But you have chofe you a lazar man,  
 A lazar both blinde and lame. 60

Therefore a fyer there fhall be built,  
 And brent all fhalt thou bee.—  
 “ Now out alacke ! faid our comly queene,  
 Sir Aldingar’s falfe to mee.

Now out alacke ! fayd our comlye queene, 65  
 My heart with grieve will braft.  
 I had thought swevens had never been true ;  
 I have proved them true at laft.

I dreamt in my sweven on thurfday eve,  
 In my bed wheras I laye, 70  
 I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beaft  
 Had carryed my crowne awaye ;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,  
 And all my faire head-geere :  
 And he wold worrye me with his tufh 75  
 And to his neft y-beare :

Saving there came a litle 'gray' hawke,  
 A merlin him they call,  
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,  
 That dead he downe did fall. 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,  
 A battell wold I prove,  
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar;  
 Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I me able noe battell to make, 85  
 My liege, grant me a knight  
 To fight with that traitor fir Aldingar,  
 'To maintaine me in my right.'

"Now forty dayes I will give thee  
 To seeke thee a knight therin: 90  
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes  
 Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,  
 By north and south bedeene:  
 But never a champion colde shee find, 95  
 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,  
 Noe helpe there might be had;  
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene  
 And aye her hart was sad. 100

*Ver. 77. see below, ver. 137.*

Then

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,  
 And knelt upon her knee,  
 "Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,  
 I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe, 105  
 And with the same me binde;  
 That never will I return to thee,  
 Till I some helpe may finde."

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye  
 Oer hill and dale about: 110  
 But never a champion colde she finde,  
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And now the daye drewe on a pace,  
 When our good queene must dye;  
 All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle, 115  
 When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,  
 And the salt teares fell from her eye:  
 When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,  
 She met with a tinye boye. 120

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,  
 All clad in mantle of golde;  
 He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,  
 Then a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damfelle faire, he fayd, 125  
And what doth cause you moane?  
The damfell scant wolde deigne a looke,  
But fast she pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,  
And greete thy queene from mee : 130  
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,  
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt  
In her bedd, wheras shee laye;  
How when the grype and the grimly beast 135  
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the litle gray hawke,  
And faved her from his clawes :  
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,  
For heaven will fende her cause. 140

Back then rode that faire damselle,  
And her hart it lept for glee :  
And when she told her gracious dame  
A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come, 145  
No helpe appeared nye :  
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,  
And the teares stood in her eye.

And

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 57

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;  
And a stake was made of tree; 150  
And now queene Elinor forth was led,  
A forrowful fight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,  
And three times spake on hie:  
Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155  
Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,  
No helpe appeared nye:  
And now the fyer was lighted up,  
Queen Elinor she must dye. 160

And now the fyer was lighted up,  
As hot as hot might bee;  
When riding upon a little white steed,  
The tinye boy they see.

“Away with that stake, away with those brands, 165  
And loose our conelye queene:  
I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,  
And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,  
But when he saw the chylde, 170  
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,  
And weened he had been beguyld.  
“Now

“Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,  
 And eyther fighte or flee;  
 I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,  
 175  
 Though I am so small to see.”

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde  
 So gilt it dazzled the ee;  
 The first stroke stricken at Aldingar  
 Smote off his leggs by the knee.  
 180

“Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,  
 And fight upon thy feete,  
 For and thou thrive, as thou begin’st,  
 Of height wee shall be meete.”

A priest, a priest, fayer Aldingar,  
 185  
 While I am a man alive.  
 A priest, a priest, fayer Aldingar,  
 Me for to housle and thrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,  
 But shee wolde never consent;  
 190  
 Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge  
 In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,  
 A lazar both blind and lame:  
 I tooke the lazar upon my backe,  
 195  
 And on her bedd had him layne,

Then



Then ranne I to our comlye king,  
 These tidings fore to tell.  
 But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,  
 Falsing never doth well. 200

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,  
 The short time I must live.  
 "Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,  
 As freely I forgive."

Here take thy queene, our king Harrye, 205  
 And love her as thy life,  
 For never had a king in Christentye,  
 A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,  
 And loosed her full sone: 210  
 Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;  
 — The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,  
 And stroakt him with his hand:  
 The lazar under the gallowes tree 215  
 All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree  
 Was comelye, straight and tall;  
 King Henrye made him his head stewarde  
 To wayte withinn his hall. \* \* 220

## X.

## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

*Tradition informs us that the author of this song was K. JAMES V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise\*, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of THE GABERLUNZIE MAN; and in another intitled THE JOLLY BEGGAR, beginning thus:*

Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,  
And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.

Fa, la, la, &c.

*It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors†, where the ingenious writer remarks, That there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.*

*Bp. Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated Ballad of CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN, which is ascribed to K. James I. in Bannatyne's MS. written in 1568: And notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this Book is of opinion that Bp. Tanner was right.*

K. JAMES V. died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33.

\* *sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c.* Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.

† Vol. II. p. 203.

**T**HE pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee  
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,  
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,  
 Will ze lodge a filly poor man?  
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat, 5  
 And down azout the ingle he sat;  
 My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and fang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,  
 As first when I saw this countrie, 10  
 How blyth and merry wad I bee!  
 And I wad nevir think lang.  
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
 But little did her auld minny ken  
 What thir flee twa together were say'n, 15  
 When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,  
 As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,  
 Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
 And awa wi' me thou fould gang. 20  
 And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,  
 As evir the snaw lay on the dike,  
 Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,  
 And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot; 25  
 They raise a wee before the cock,  
 And wyliey they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.  
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,  
 And at her leisure put on her claiths, 30  
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes  
 To speir for the filly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,  
 The strae was cauld, he was away,  
 She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day! 35  
 For some of our geir will be gane.  
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
 But nought was stown that could be mist.  
 She dancid her lane, cryd, Praise be blest,  
 I have lodgd a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,  
 The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,  
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben.  
 The servant gæd where the dochter lay, 45  
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,  
 And fast to her goodwife can say,  
 — Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
 And hast ze, find these traitors agen; 50  
 For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,

*Ver. 29. The Carline. Other copies.*

The

# ANCIENT POEMS. 63

The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man.  
 Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,  
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;  
 She could na gang, nor yet could she fit, 55  
 But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,  
 For snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,  
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang. 60  
 The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,  
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
 Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,  
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou, 65  
 Illfardly wad she crook her mou,  
 Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,  
 Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.  
 My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;  
 And hae na learnt the beggars tonge, 70  
 To follow me frae toun to toun,  
 And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75

The

The gäberlunzie to carrie—o.

Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,

And draw a black clout owre my ee,

A criples or blind they will cau me:

While we fall sing and be merrie—o.

80

## XI.

## ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

*It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary WILL of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance.—The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel called TROLLE ON AWAY." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,*

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.

Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

**B**OTH man and chylde is glad to here tell  
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,  
 Now that he is set to learne to spell.  
 Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,  
 Thou haddyft fayre tyme, but thou lackydyft grace; 5  
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydft a pace.  
 Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyft,  
 Thou lockydyft them vp where no man wyft,  
 Tyll in the kynges treafoure fuche thinges were myft.  
 Synge, &c.

Both cruft and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10  
 Thy marchaundyse fayled over the sandes,  
 Therefore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.  
 Synge, &c.

Fyrft when kynge Henry, God faue his grace!  
 Perceyud myfchefe kyndlyd in thy face,  
 Then it was tyme to purchafe the a place. 15  
 Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,  
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys feruyture;  
 But thou, as a wretche, fuche thinges dyd procure.  
 Synge, &c.



66      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,  
 One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,      20  
 For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre;  
 But euer was full of iniquite:  
 Wherefore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.  
 Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke,      25  
 Agaynst the churche thou baddest them flycke;  
 Wherefore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.  
 Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles  
 Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles;  
 Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules.      30  
 Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,  
 Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,  
 Or else sent vs frome the denyll of hell.  
 Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,  
 But couetyd euer to clymme to hye,      35  
 And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.  
 Synge, &c.

*Ver. 22. i. e. Cain, or Ishmael. See below, the Note, Book II.  
 No. III stanza 3d.*

2

Who-

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 67

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;  
 Wherefore all Englande doth hate the, as I suppose,  
 Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.

Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke 49  
 Upon thy gresy fullers stocke;  
 Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,  
 And for thy carcas care thou nought,  
 Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45

Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,  
 And prynce Edward that goodly flowre,  
 With al hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.

Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

*Ver. 41. Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a Blacksmith at Putney: but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade.*

††† *The foregoing Piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on thro' a succession of seven or eight Ballads written for and against Lord CROMWELL. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the Reigns of K. Hen. VIII. K. Edw. VI. 2. Mary, 2. Eliz. K. James I. &c.*

## XII.

## H A R P A L U S.

## AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

*This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the SONGS AND SONNETTES of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by UNCERTAIN AUCTOURS. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19, 47.*

*Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR \*, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

**P**HYLIDA was a faire mayde,  
As fresh as any flowre;  
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde.  
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,  
Were herdmen both yfere :  
And Phylida could twist and spinne,  
And thereto sing full clere.

\* First published in 1579.

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 69

But Phylida was all tō coye,  
 For Harpalus to winne: 10  
 For Corin was her onely joye,  
 Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?  
 How often garlandes make  
 Of couflips and of colombine? 15  
 And al for Corin's fake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,  
 And forced more the field:  
 Of lovers lawe he toke no cure;  
 For once he was begilde. 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,  
 His labour all was lost;  
 For he was fardest from her thought,  
 And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25  
 And drye as clot of clay:  
 His fleshe it was consumed cleane;  
 His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;  
 His heare hong all unkempt: 30  
 A man most fit even for the grave,  
 Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht';  
 His face besprent with teares :  
 It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht', 35  
 In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;  
 As one forlorne was he;  
 Upon his head alwayes he ware  
 A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,  
 And he fate in the dale;  
 And thus with fighes and sorrowes shril,  
 He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say) 45  
 Unhappiest under sunne!  
 The cause of thine unhappy day,  
 By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by fute to seeke  
 A tigre to make tame, 50  
 That fettes not by thy love a leeke;  
 But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to convert  
 The frost into 'a' flame;  
 As for to turne a frowarde hert, 55  
 Whem thou so faine wouldst frame.

*Ver. 33. &c. The Corrections are from Ed. 1574.*

Corin

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 71

Corin he liveth carèlesse:  
 He leapes among the leaves:  
 He eates the frutes of thy redresse:  
 Thou 'reapst', he takes the sheaves. 60

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,  
 And harke your herdmans founde:  
 Whom spitefull love, alas! hath flaine,  
 Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wilde, 65  
 That here your pasture takes:  
 I fe that ye be not begilde  
 Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:  
 The bucke harde by the do: 70  
 The turtle dove is not unkinde  
 To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:  
 The yong cow hath the bull:  
 The calfe with many a lusty lambe 75  
 Do fede their hunger full,

But, wel-away! that nature wrought  
 The, Phylida, so faire:  
 For I may say that I have bought  
 Thy beauty all tò deare. 80

What reason is that crueltie  
 With beautie should have part?  
 Or els that such great tyranny  
 Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death 85  
 She cruelly is prest;  
 To th'ende that I may want my breath :  
 My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,  
 And do not stoppe thine cares; 90  
 That she may feele within her brest  
 The paines of my dispaire :

Of Corin 'who' is carelesse,  
 That she may crave her fee :  
 As I have done in great distresse, 95  
 That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave ;  
 Her slave, and eke her thrall :  
 Write you, my frendes, upon my grave  
 This chaunce that is befall. 100

" Here lieth unhappy Harpalus  
 " By cruell love now flaine :  
 " Whom Phylida unjustly thus  
 " Hath mured with disdain."



XIII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

*The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply, as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by ALLAN RAMSEY, from whose EVER-GREEN, Vol. I. it is here chiefly printed. The curious Reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinb. 1770, 12mo" Mr. ROBERT HENRYSON (to whom we are indebted for this Poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:*

*"In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,  
"With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."*

*Indeed some little further insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. "The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister ROBERT HENRI-SOUN, SCOLMAISTER of Dumfermling, 1571." Harleian MSS. 3865. § 1.*

*In Ramsay's EVERGREEN, Vol. I. whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one intitled THE LYON AND THE MOUSE; the other, THE GARMENT OF GUDE LADYIS. Some other of his Poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems" printed from Bannatyne's MS." above referred to.*

ROBIN.

**R**OBIN sat on the gude grene hill,  
 Keipand a flock of fie,  
 Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,  
 "O Robin rew on me :

"I haif thee luvit baith loud and still,  
 "Thir towmonds twa or thre ;  
 "My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,  
 "Doubtless but dreid Ill die."

5

Robin replied, Now by the rude,  
 Naithing of luvè I knaw,  
 But keip my sheip undir yon wod:  
 Lo quhair they raik on raw.

10

Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,  
 Thou Makyne to me schaw ;  
 Or quhat is luvè, or to be lude ?  
 Fain wald I leir that law.

15

"The law of luvè gin thou wald leir,  
 "Tak thair an A, B, C ;  
 "Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,  
 "Wyfe, hardy, kind and frie,  
 "Sae that nae danger do the deir,  
 "Quhat dule in dern thou drie ;  
 "Prefs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,  
 "Be patient and privie."

20

*Ver. 19. Bannatynè's MS. reads as above, heynd, not keynd, as in the Edinb. edit. 1770. Ver. 21. So that no danger. Bannatynè's MS.*

Robin,

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 75

Robin, he answert her againe, 25

I wat not quhat is luv; ;

But I haif marvel in certaine

Quhat makes thee thus wanruse.

The wedder is fair, and I am fain ;

My sheep gais hail above; 30

And sould we pley us on the plain,

They wald us baith reprove.

“ Robin, tak tent unto my tale,

“ And wirk all as I reid ;

“ And thou fall haif my heart all hale, 35

“ Eik and my maiden-heid :

“ Sen God, he fendis bute for bale,

“ And for murning remeid,

“ I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,

“ Doubtless I am but deid.” 40

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,

Gif ye will meit me heir,

Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,

Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;

But maugre haif I, gif I byde, 45

Frae thay begin to fleir,

Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,

Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

“ Robin, thou reivs me of my rest ;

“ I luv; bot thee alane.” 50

Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west,

The day is neir-hand gane.

“ Robin,

76      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

“ Robin, in dule I am so drest,  
 “ That luv will be my bane.”  
 Makyn, gae luv quhair-eir ye list,      55  
 For leman I luid nane.

“ Robin, I stand in sic a style,  
 “ I sich and that full fair.”  
 Makyne, I have bene here this quyle;  
 At hame I wish I were.      60

“ Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,  
 “ Gif thou will do nae mair.”  
 Makyne, som other man beguyle,  
 For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,      65  
 As light as leif on tree;  
 But Makyne murnt and made lament,  
 Scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre the bent:  
 Then Makyne cried on hie,      70  
 “ Now may thou sing, for I am silent!  
 “ Quhat ailis luv at me?”

Makyne went hame withouten fail,  
 And weirylic could weip;  
 Then Robin in a full fair dale      75  
 Assemblit all his sheip.

Be that some part of Makyne's ail,  
 Out-throw his heart could creip;  
 Hir fast he followt to assail,  
 And till her tuke gude keip.      80

Abyd,

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,  
 A word for ony thing;  
 For all my luv, it fall be thyne,  
 Withouten departing.  
 All hale thy heart for till have myne, 85  
 Is all my coveting;  
 My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne,  
 Will need of nae keiping.

“ Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,  
 “ In gests and storys auld, 90  
 “ The man that will not when he may,  
 “ Sall have nocht when he wald.  
 “ I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,  
 “ Be eiked their cares fae cauld,  
 “ That presses first with thee to play 95  
 “ Be forrest, firth, or fauld.”

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,  
 The wether warm and fair,  
 And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,  
 To walk attowre all where: 100  
 There may nae janglers us espy,  
 That is in luv contrair;  
 Therin, Makyne, baith you and I  
 Unseen may mak repair.

V. 99. *Bannatyne's MS. has woid, not would, as in Ed. 1770.*

“ Robin,

" Robin, that warld is now away, 105  
 " And quyt brocht till an end :  
 " And nevir again thereto, perfay,  
 " Sall it be as thou wend ;  
 " For of my pain thou made but play ;  
 " I words in vain did spend : 110  
 " As thou hast done, fae fall I say,  
 " Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,  
 My heart on thee is fet ;  
 I'll evermair to thee be leil, 115  
 Quhyle I may live but lett,  
 Never to fail as uthers feill,  
 Quhat grace fo eir I get.  
 " Robin, with thee I will not deill ;  
 " Adieu, for this we met." 120

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,  
 Outowre the holtis hair ;  
 Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh ;  
 Scho fang, and he sicht fair :  
 And so left him bayth wo and wreuch, 125  
 In dolor and in care,  
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,  
 Amang the rushy gair.

*V. 117. Bannatyne's MS. reads as above feill, not faill, as in Ed. 1770.*

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

*The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, in his colloquy, intituled, PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM \*. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.*

*This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by Italicks.*

GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,  
Of curtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the towne of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way.

\* See at the end of this Ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.



“ Unto the towne of Walsingham 5  
 “ The way is hard for to be gon ;  
 “ And verrey crooked are those pathes  
 “ For you to find out all alone.”

Weere the miles doubled thrise,  
And the way never foe ill,  
Itt were not enough for mine offence;  
Itt is foe grievous and foe ill.

" Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,  
 " Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;  
 " Time hath not given thee leave, as yett, 15  
 " For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, hearſdſman, yes, foe woldeſt thou ſay,  
If thou kneweſt foe much as I;  
My witts, and thoughts, and all the reſt,  
Have well deſerved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,  
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr :  
I am a woman, woe is me!  
*Born to greeffe and irksome care.*

For my beloved, and well-beloved, 25  
My wayward cruelty could kill:  
And though my teares will nought avail,  
Most dearly I bewail him still.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 81

*He was the flower of noble wights,  
None ever more sincere colde bee;  
Of comely mien and shape hee was,  
And tenderlye hee loved mee.* 30

*When thus I saw he loved me well,  
I grewe so proud his paine to see,  
That I, who did not know myselfe,  
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.* 35

\* And grew foe coy and nice to please,  
As women's lookes are often foe,  
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,  
Unlesse I willed him foe to doe. 40

Thus being wearyed with delayes  
To see I pittied not his greeffe,  
He gott him to a secrett place,  
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And

\* Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. GOLDSMITH, in his charming ballad of EDWIN AND EMMA; the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

*'And' still I try'd each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.*

*'Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he dy'd.*

And for his sake these weeds I weare,      45  
 And sacrifice my tender age;  
 And every day Ile begg my bread,  
 To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,  
 And ever will doe till I dye;      50  
 And gett me to some secrett place,  
 For foe did hee, and foe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,  
 But keepe my secretts I thee pray;  
 Unto the towne of Walsingham      55  
 Show me the right and readye way.

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before!  
 “ For he must ever guide thee still:  
 “ Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,  
 “ And foe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!”      60

*But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
 And well my life shall pay;  
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
 And stretch me where he lay.*

*And there forlorn despairing bid,  
 I'll lay me down and die:  
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did  
 And so for him will I.*

\* \* To shew what constant tribute was paid to OUR  
 LADY OF WALSHINGHAM, I shall give a few extracts  
 from the “HOUSEHOLD-BOOK OF HENRY ALGERNON  
 PERCY, 5th Earl of Northumberland.” Printed 1770, 8vo.

Sect.

Señ. XLIII. pag. 337, &c.

ITEM, My Lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngham.—iiij d.

ITEM, My Lorde usith ande accustomyth to sende yerely for the upholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordschip fyndith birnyng yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, contenyng xj lb. of Wax in it after vij d. ob. for the fyndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenaut maid with the Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the said Lyght byrning,—vi s. viiiij d.

ITEM, My Lord useth and accustomith to syende yerely to the Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for keepynge of the said Light, lightynge of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the yere,—xij d.

ITEM, My Lord usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the Prest that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—iiij s. iiij d.

XV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

*Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it as a real fact.—Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called ACYRON, i. e. “When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should exprefs;” he adds, “Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,*

“I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,

"for [I feare me] I shall be hanged; whereat the king  
 "laughed a good \*, not only to see the Tanner's vaine  
 "feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave  
 "him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of  
 "Plumpton-parke. I AM AFRAID," concludes this sagaci-  
 ous writer, "THE POETS OF OUR TIMES THAT SPEAKE  
 "MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME  
 "TOO SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD," p. 214.—The  
 phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at pre-  
 sent †, but occurs with some variation in another old poem, in-  
 titled JOHN THE REEVE, described in the following volume,  
 (See the Preface to THE KING AND THE MILLER), viz.

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,

"And Edward wer in this place,

"Hee shold not touch this tonne:

"He wold be wroth with John I HOPE,

"Thereffore I beshrew the soupe,

"That in his mouth shold come." Pt. 2. ft. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intituled, "*A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c.* printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old Ballad of THE KING AND THE BARKER, reprinted with other "*Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts and old Printed Copies, &c.*" Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique Poem had never occurred to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious Reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original Ballad.

\* Vid. Gloss.

† Nor in that of the BARKER mentioned below.

**I**N summer time, when leaves grow greene,  
And blossoms bedecke the tree,  
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,  
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5  
With horne, and eke with bowe ;  
To Drayton Bassett he tooke his waye,  
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe  
By eight of clocke in the day, 10  
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,  
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre rufflet coat the tanner had on  
Fast buttoned under his chin,  
And under him a good cow-hide, 15  
And a mare of four shilling\*.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,  
Under the grene wood spraye ;  
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,  
To weet what he will faye. 20

\* In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A. D. 1466 ; among many other bequests has this, " Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him " an horse." Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27.—Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.

Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.

“The readiest waye to Drayton Bassett

I praye thee to shewe to mee.”

“To Drayton Bassett woldst thou goe,

25

Fro the place where thou dost stand?

The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,

Turne in upon thy right hand.”

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,

Thou doest but jest I see:

30

Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,

And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:

I hold thee out of thy witt:

All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,

35

And I am fasting yett.

“Go with me downe to Drayton Bassett,

No daynties we will spare;

All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,

And I will paye thy fare.”

40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,

Thou payest no fare of mine:

I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,

Than thou hast pence in thine.

God



God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45  
And send them well to priefe.

The tanner wolde faine have beene away,  
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee fayde, thou fine fellowe,  
Of thee I am in great feare, 50  
For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,  
Might befeeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,  
I tell you, fir, by the roode.  
“Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55  
And standest in midds of thy goode\*.”

What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,  
As you ryde farre and neare?  
“I heare no tydings, fir, by the masse,  
But that cowe-hides are deare.” 60

“Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?  
I marvell what they bee?”

What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;  
I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king, 65  
I praye thee tell me trowe:  
“I am a barker †, fir, by my trade;  
Nowe tell me what art thou?”

\* i. e. hast no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.

† i. e. a dealer in Bark.

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,  
 That am forth of service worne ;      79  
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,  
 Thy cuninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forsend, the tanner replyde,  
 That thou my prentise were:  
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne      75  
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,  
 If thou wilt not seeme strange:  
 Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,  
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.      80

“ Why if with me thou faine wilt change,  
 As change full well maye wee,  
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,  
 I will have some boot of thee.”

That were against reason, sayd the king,      85  
 I sweare, so mote I thee:  
 My horse is better than thy mare,  
 And that thou well mayst see.

“ Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,  
 And softly she will fare;      90  
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wifs;  
 Aye skipping here and theare.”

What

# ANCIENT POEMS. 89

What boote wilt thou have? our king reply'd;  
Now tell me in this ffound.

"Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye, 95  
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,  
Sith thou will have it of mee."

I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,  
Thou hadst not had one penniè. 100

But since we two have made a change,  
A change we must abide,  
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,  
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge, 105  
I sweare, so mought I thee;  
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,  
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,  
That of the cow was hilt; 110  
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,  
That was foe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,  
'Tis time that I were gone:  
When I come home to Gyllian my wife, 115  
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The

The king he tooke him up by the legge;  
 The tanner a f \* \* lett fall.  
 Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,  
 Thy courtesye is but small. 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadelle,  
 And his foote in the stirrup was;  
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,  
 Whether it were golde or brasse.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125  
 And eke the blacke cowe-horne;  
 He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,  
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,  
 And held by the pummil fast: 130  
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe;  
 His necke he had well-nye braft.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,  
 With mee he shall not byde.  
 "My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe, 135  
 But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,  
 As change full well may wee,  
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,  
 I will have some boote of thee." 140  
 What

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,  
Nowe tell me in this stounde ?

“ Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,  
But I will have twentye pound.”

“ Here’s twentye groates out of my purse ; 145  
And twentye I have of thine :  
And I have one more, which we will spend  
Together at the wine.”

The king fet a bugle horne to his mouthe,  
And blewe both loude and shrille : 150  
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,  
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas ! the tanner he cryde,  
That ever I sawe this daye !  
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellows 155  
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,  
I sweare, soe mote I thee :  
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,  
Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And soone before our king they came,  
And knelt downe on the ground :  
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,  
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A collar,

A collar, a collar, here: sayd the king, 165  
 A collar he loud gan crye:  
 Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,  
 He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,  
 I trowe it will breed sorrowe: 170  
 After a collar commeth a halter,  
 I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.

Be not afraid Tanner, said our king;  
 I tell thee, so mought I thee,  
 Lo here I make thee the best esquire 175  
 That is in the North countrie\*.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,  
 With tenements faire beside:  
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,  
 To maintaine thy good cove-hide. 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,  
 For the favour thou hast me showne;  
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,  
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen. \* \*

\* This stanza is restored from a quotation of this Ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour," who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating ESQUIRES at that time, was by the imposition of a COLLAR. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving Collars, is expressed." (Sub Tit. Esquire; & vide in Spehmanni Glossar. Armiger.) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Serjeants at Arms, who are invested with a Collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq. to whom the Publick is indebted for that curious work the CURIALIA, 4to.



XVI.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

*The scene of this song is the same as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.*

As I went to Walsingham,  
To the shrine with speede,  
Met I with a jolly palmer  
In a pilgrimes weede.  
Now God you save, you jolly palmer!  
"Welcome, lady gay,  
"Oft have I sued to thee for love."  
—Oft have I said you nay.

*The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus\*.*

*The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knt. of the burning pestle," Act II. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c." 4to. 1618; Act I.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.*

\* Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, fo. 1.

Hermets on a heape with hoked staves.  
Wenten to Walsingham, and her † wenches after.

† i. e. their.



*We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN, &c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.*

**A**S ye came from the holy land  
Of blessed Walsingham,  
O met you not with my true love  
As by the way ye came?

“How should I know your true love, 5  
“That have met many a one,  
“As I came from the holy land,  
“That have both come, and gone?”

My love is neither white\*, nor browne,  
But as the heavens faire; 10  
There is none hath her form divine,  
Either in earth, or ayre.

“Such an one did I meet, good sir,  
“With an angelicke face;  
“Who like a nymphe, a queene appeared 15  
“Both in her gait, her grace.”

Yes; she hath cleane forsaken me,  
And left me all alone;  
Who some time loved me as her life,  
And called me her owne. 20

\* *sc. pale.*

“ What is the cause she leaves thee thus,  
 “ And a new way doth take,  
 “ That some times loved thee as her life,  
 “ And thee her joy did make ?”

I that loved her all my youth, 25  
 Growe old now as you see;  
 Love liketh not the falling fruite,  
 Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,  
 Forgetting promise past: 30  
 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list;  
 His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,  
 And yielde a trustlesse joye;  
 Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35  
 And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,  
 Or Loves faire name abusde,  
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,  
 And follyes are excusde. 40

‘ But true love is a lasting fire,  
 ‘ Which viewless vestals \* tend,  
 ‘ That burnes for ever in the soule,  
 ‘ And knowes nor change, nor end.’

\* *sc. Angels.*

## XVII.

## H A R D Y K N U T E.

## A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

*As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with general Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the 2 last beginning with "There's nae light," &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, in folio, 1719.—This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he had been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard Fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.*

The

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 97

*The Poem is here printed from the original Edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. (See below, page 111.)*

I.

**S**Tately slept he east the wa',  
 And stately slept he west,  
 Full seventy years he now had seen,  
 Wi' scarce seven years of rest.  
 He liv'd when Britons breach of faith  
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae:  
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,  
 He was their deadlie fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,  
 With ha's and tow'rs a height,  
 And goodly chambers fair to se,  
 Where he lodged mony a knight.  
 His dame sae pcerless anes and fair,  
 For chaste and beauty deem'd,  
 Nae marrow had in all the land,  
 Save ELENOR the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,  
 All men of valour stout;  
 In bloody fight with sword in hand  
 Nine lost their lives bot doubt:  
 Four yet remain, lang may they live  
 To stand by liege and land;  
 High was their fame, high was their might,  
 And high was their command.

## IV.

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair, 25  
 Their sister saft and dear,  
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,  
 And gowden glist her hair.  
 What waefu' wae her beauty bred?  
 Waefu' to young and auld, 30  
 Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,  
 As story ever tauld.

## V.

The king of Norfe in summer tyde,  
 Puff'd up with pow'r and might,  
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle 35  
 With mony a hardy knight.  
 The tydings to our good Scots king  
 Came, as he sat at dine,  
 With noble chiefs in brave aray,  
 Drinking the blood-red wine. 40

## VI.

"To horfe, to horfe, my royal liege,  
 Your faes stand on the strand,  
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
 The king of Norfe commands."  
 Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray, 45  
 Our good king rose and cry'd,  
 A trustier beast in a' the land  
 A Scots king nevir try'd.

VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,  
 That lives on hill sae hie, 50  
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,  
 And haste and follow me.  
 The little page flew swift as dart  
 Flung by his master's arm,  
 "Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute, 55  
 And rid your king frae harm."

VIII.

Then red red grew his dark-brown cheeks,  
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
 His looks grew keen, as they were wont  
 In dangers great to do; 60  
 He's ta'en a horn as green as glafs,  
 And gi'en five sounds sae shill,  
 That trees in green wood shook thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee, 65  
 Had past that summer's morn,  
 When low down in a grassy dale,  
 They heard their father's horn.  
 That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace,  
 We've other sport to bide. 70  
 And soon they hy'd them up the hill,  
 And soon were at his side.





XIII.

“ Farewell my dame fae peerless good,  
 (And took her by the hand),  
 Fairer to me in age you seem,  
 Than maids for beauty fam’d. 100  
 My youngest son shall here remain  
 To guard these stately towers,  
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps  
 Sae fast your painted bowers.”

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheeks, 105  
 And then her boddice green,  
 Her silken cords of twirtle twist,  
 Well plett with silver sheen ;  
 And apron set with mony a dice  
 Of needle-wark fae rare, 110  
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
 Save that of FAIRLY fair.

XV.

And he has ridden o’er muir and moor,  
 O’er hills and mony a glen,  
 When he came to a wounded knight 115  
 Making a heavy mane ;  
 “ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,  
 By treacherie’s false guiles ;  
 Witless I was that e’er ga faith  
 To wicked woman’s smiles.” 120

## XVI.

"Sirknight, gin you were in my bower,  
 To lean on filken feat,  
 My lady's kindly care you'd prove,  
 Who ne'er knew deadly hate:  
 Herself wou'd watch you a' the day, 125  
 Her maids a dead of night;  
 And FAIRLY fair your heart wou'd chear,  
 As she stands in your sight.

## XVII.

"Arise young knight, and mount your steed,  
 Full lowns the shynand day: 130  
 Choofe frae my menzie whom ye please  
 To lead you on the way."  
 With smileless look, and visage wan  
 The wounded knight reply'd,  
 "Kind chieftain, your intent pursue, 135  
 For here I maun abyde.

## XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night  
 Can e're be sweet or fair,  
 But soon beneath some draping tree,  
 Could death shall end my care." 140  
 With him nae pleading might prevail;  
 Brave Hardyknute to gain  
 With fairest words, and reason strong,  
 Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er 145  
 Lord Chattan's land sae wide ;  
 That lord a worthy wight was ay,  
 When faes his courage fey'd :  
 Of Pictish race by mother's side,  
 When Picts rul'd Caledon, 150  
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,  
 When he fav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,  
 He reach'd a rising hight,  
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale, 155  
 Norfs menzie lay in sight.  
 "Yonder my valiant sons and feirs  
 Our raging revers wait  
 On the unconquert Scottish sward  
 To try with us their fate. 160

XXI.

Make orisons to him that fav'd  
 Our fauls upon the rude ;  
 Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd  
 With Caledonian blude."  
 Then furth he drew his trusty glave, 165  
 While thousands all around  
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun ;  
 And loud the bougles found.

## XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill  
 In haft his merch he made, 179  
 While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit  
 Afore him stately strade.  
 "Thrice welcome valiant stoup of weir,  
 Thy nations shield and pride;  
 Thy king nae reason has to fear 175  
 When thou art by his side."

## XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn;  
 For thrang scarce cou'd they flee;  
 The darts clove arrows as they met,  
 The arrows dart the tree. 189  
 Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,  
 With little skaith to mon,  
 But bloody bloody was the field,  
 Ere that lang day was done.

## XXIV.

The king of Scots, that findle brook'd 185  
 The war that look'd like play,  
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
 Sin bows seem'd but delay.  
 Quoth noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,  
 I wat it's bled a score." 199  
 Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king,  
 As he rode on before.

xxv. The

XXV.

The king of Norfe he fought to find,  
 With him to menſe the faught,  
 But on his forehead there did light 195  
 A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;  
 As he his hand put up to feel  
 The wound, an arrow keen,  
 O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand  
 In miſt between his een. 200

XXVI.

“Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothſay's heir,  
 Your mail-coat ſha' na bide  
 The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart:”  
 Then ſent it through his ſide.  
 Another arrow well he mark'd, 205  
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,  
 His hands then quat the ſilver reins,  
 He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

“Sair bleids my liege, ſair, ſair he bleeds!”  
 Again wi' might he drew 210  
 And geſture dread his ſturdy bow,  
 Faſt the braid arrow flew:  
 Wae to the knight he ettled at;  
 Lament now queen Elgreed;  
 High dames too wail your darling's fall, 215  
 His youth and comely meed.

XXVIII. “Take

## XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe  
 (Of gold well was it twin'd,  
 Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk,  
 His steelly harness shin'd). 220  
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid  
 Him venge the blood it bears;  
 Say, if he face my bended bow,  
 He fure nae weapon fears."

## XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall, 225  
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,  
 Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,  
 And fear'd at Britain's throne:  
 Tho' Britons tremble at his name,  
 I soon shall make him wail, 230  
 That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,  
 Sae fast his coat of mail."

## XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,  
 It lent him youthfu' might:  
 "I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cry'd, 235  
 To Scotland's king I heght  
 To lay thee low, as horses hoof;  
 My word I mean to keep."  
 Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,  
 He garr'd his body bleed. 240

xxx. Norfs'

XXXI.

Norfs' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,  
 He figh'd wi' thame and spite;  
 "Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm  
 That left thee power to strike:"  
 Then ga' his head a blow fae fell, 245  
 It made him down to stoup,  
 As laigh as he to ladies us'd  
 In courtly guise to lout.

XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,  
 His bow he marvell'd fair, 250  
 Sin blows till then on him but darr'd  
 As touch of FAIRLY fair:  
 Norse marvell'd too as fair as he  
 To see his stately look;  
 Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae, 255  
 Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set,  
 Bauld Thomas did advance,  
 Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd  
 Up toward him did prance; 260  
 He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks  
 The hardy youth to quell,  
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach  
 His fury to repell.

XXXIV. "That



## XXXIV.

"That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd, 265  
 Looks like poor Scotlands gear,  
 But dreadfull seems the rusty point!"  
 And loud he leugh in jear.  
 "Oft Britons bood has dimm'd its shine;  
 This point cut short their vaunt:" 270  
 Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded cheek;  
 Nae time he took to taunt.

## XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle fwang,  
 His stirrup was nae stay,  
 Sae feeble hang his unbent knee 275  
 Sure taiken he was fey:  
 Swith on the harden't clay he fell,  
 Right far was heard the thud:  
 But Thomas look't nae as he lay  
 All waltering in his blud: 280

## XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,  
 On rode he north the plain;  
 His seem in throng of fiercest strife,  
 When winner ay the same:  
 Not yet his heart dames dimplet cheek 285  
 Could mease soft love to bruik,  
 Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,  
 Then languid grew his luik.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 109

## XXXVII.

In thraws of death, with walowit cheik  
 All panting on the plain, 293  
 The fainting corps of warriours lay,  
 Ne're to arise again ;  
 Ne're to return to native land,  
 Nae mair with blithsome sounds  
 To boast the glories of the day, 295  
 And shaw their shining wounds.

## XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame  
 May wash the rocks with tears,  
 May lang luik ow'r the shiplefs seas  
 Befor her mate appears. 300  
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;  
 Thy lord lyes in the clay ;  
 The valiant Scots nae revers thole  
 To carry life away.

## XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross 305  
 Set up for monument,  
 Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day  
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.  
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
 Let Norse the name ay dread, 310  
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,  
 Shall latest ages read.

XL. Now

## XL.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,  
 Sair beat the heavy shower,  
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute      315  
 Wan near his stately tower.  
 His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze  
 To shine fae far at night,  
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,  
 Nae marvel fair he sigh'd.      320

## XLI.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,  
 There's nae light in my ha';  
 Nae blink shines round my FAIRLY fair,  
 Nor ward stands on my wa'  
 "What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"— 325  
 Nae answer fitts their dread.  
 "Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide;"  
 But by they past with speed.

## XLII.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotlands faes,"—  
 There ceas'd his brag of weir,      330  
 Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,  
 And maiden FAIRLY fair.  
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear  
 He wist nae yet; wi' dread  
 Sair shook his body, fair his limbs,      335  
 And a' the warrior fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* In

\* \* In an elegant publication, intitled, "*Scottish Tragic Ballads*, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo." may be seen a continuation of the Ballad of HARDYKNUTE, by the addition of a SECOND PART, which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious Editor.—To whom the late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 96.) extracts of a letter from Sir JOHN BRUCE, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the Manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dumferline. It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence it appears, that Sir John was the author of HARDYKNUTE, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his Poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault; as is well observed by the Editor of the *Tragic Ballads*, &c. of Maitland's Scot. Poets, vol. I. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M. D. of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "HARDYKNUTE, A FRAGMENT. Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c. 1719," folio, 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable: viz. He had in ver. 20. but.—v. 56. of harm.—v. 64. every.—v. 67. lo down.—v. 83. That omitted.—v. 89. And omitted.—v. 143. With argument

but vainly strave Lang.—v. 148. say'd.—v. 155. incampit on the plain.—v. 156. Norfe squadrons.—v. 158. regand revers.—v. 170. his strides he bent.—v. 171. minstrals playand Pitrochs fine.—v. 172. stately went.—v. 182. mon.—v. 196. sharp and fatal.—v. 219. which.—v. 241. flood wyld.—*Stanza 39 preceded stanza 38.*—v. 305 There.—v. 313. blew weittling.—v. 336. *had originally been,* He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd.

*The Editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr. David Clerk, M. D. of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr. John Clerk), that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS. additions :*

Now darts flew wavering through slaw speed,  
 Scarce could they reach their aim ;  
 Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,  
 'Twas all but shot in vain :  
 Right strengthy arms forseebled grew,  
 Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils :  
 E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,  
 And curs'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,  
 Swords clash'd and harness rang ;  
 But fastly sae ilk blaster blew  
 The hills and dales fraemang.  
 Nae echo heard in double dints,  
 Nor the lang-winding horn,  
 Nae mair she blew out brade as she  
 Did eir that fuminers morn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.



RELICS  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.  
BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A  
CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

*In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sud-*

VOL. II, den

den changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled **LITTLE JOHN NOBODY**, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, **Every Man**; the other called **Lusty Juventus**, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions \*: in the other, the poet (one R. WEVER)

\* Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,

"There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron

"That of God hath commissyon,

"As hath the leest preest in the world beyng.

\* \* \*

"God hath to them more power gyven,

"Than to any aungell, that is in heven;

"With



WEVER) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement to the pulpit:—This was so much the case, that in the play of *Lusty Juventus*, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon; take an instance:

“The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,

“As in the xxxiiij chapter it doth appere:

“Be converted, O ye children, &c.”

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition:

“The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,

“But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,

“They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,

“In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.”

I 2

And

“With v. words he may consecrate

“Goddess body in fleshe and blode to take,

“And bandeleth his maker bytwene his bandes.

“The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,

“Bothe in erthe and in heven.—

“Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven.

“Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy;

“Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne deadly;

“No remedy may we fynde under God,

“But alone on preesthode.

“—God gave preest that dignite,

“And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,

“Thus be they above aungels in degre”

See Hawkins's *Orig. of Eng. Drama*, Vol. I. p. 61:

*And in another place Hypocrisy urges,*

*"The worlde was never meri*

*"Since chyldren were so boulde:*

*"Now every boy will be a teacher,*

*"The father a foole, the chylde a preacher."*

*Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprinted at London in Wotles chyrche yerde by me John Skot. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richard Pynson.*

*The other is intituled, An enterlude called Lustre Iuventus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod R. Mever. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yeard, by Abraham Gile at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.*

*Of these two Plays the Reader may find some further particulars in the former Volume, Book II. see THE ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE; and the curious Reader will find the Plays themselves printed at large in HAWKINS'S "Origin of the English Drama," 3 vols. Oxford, 1773, 12mo.*

#### THE HUSBANDMAN.

**L**ET us lift up our hartes all,  
 And prayse the lordes magnificence,  
 Which hath given the wolues a fall,  
 And is become our strong defence:  
 For they thorowe a false pretens  
 From Christes bloude dyd all us leade\*,

5

\* i. e. denied us the Cup, see below, ver. 94.

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 117

Gettynge from every man his pence,  
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES could get  
To kepe our house, and servauntes; 10  
That did the Freers from us fet,  
And with our foules played the merchauntes:  
And thus they with theyr false warrantes  
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,  
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15  
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,  
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;  
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,  
If it above the ground did growe: 20  
But now we Husbandmen do knowe  
Al their subteltye, and their false caste;  
For the lorde hath them overthrowe  
With his swete word now at the laste.

## DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25  
Hast usurped kynges powers,  
As having power over realmes and townes,  
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:  
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours  
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse; 30

As do the deceitful foulers,  
When they they nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,  
Threting poore men with swearde and fyre;  
All those, that do followe Gods worde,      35  
To make them cleve to thy desire,  
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;  
Curfing with boke, bell, and candell,  
Such as to reade them have desyre,  
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell.      40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,  
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,  
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,  
Even with this PEN that thou seyeste here:  
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shyld, and speare,      45  
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;  
Which is now so open and cleare,  
That it shall brynge the under the borde\*.

#### THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,  
And to utter dampnacion,      50  
Throughe myne ensample, and consel,  
Or thorow any abhominacion,  
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.  
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;

\* i. e. Make thee knock under the table.

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 119

For blamyng me, and my condicion, 55  
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,  
Because thou findest it not in scripture;  
As though I by myne auctorite  
Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60  
Knowest thou not, that I have power  
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,  
In erth, and every creature?  
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it; 65  
Am not I Gods hye vicare?  
Shalde I be bounde to folowe it,  
As the carpenter his ruler \*?  
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,  
That will not obey my auctoritie. 70  
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,  
That ye shal al accursed be.

## T H E C A R D I N A L.

I am a Cardinall of Rome,  
Sent from Christes hye vicary,  
To graunt pardon to more, and fume, 75  
That wil Luther resist strongly:  
He is a greate hereticke treuly,  
And regardeth to much the scripture;

\* *i. e. his rule.*

For he thinketh onely thereby  
To subdue the popes high honoure. 80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,  
And loke that ye agaynst him fight;  
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,  
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght:  
And this be sure, that at one flyghte, 85  
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,  
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte;  
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge  
Shall go down to hel every one; 90  
For they have not the popes bleffynge,  
Nor regarde his holy pardòn:  
They thinke from all destruction  
By Christes blood to be saved,  
Fearynge not our excommunication, 95  
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)*

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,  
And a Miller, that will not steill,  
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,  
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,  
And, throw virtue of thame three,  
That deid corpse fall qwyknit be.

*Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. Green sleeves and pudding pies (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: Maggy Lauder was another: John Anderson my jo was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted*



ne of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d. are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane bauldy sang, called, "Welcome Fortunes\*."

#### WOMAN.

JOHN Anderfon my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,  
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;  
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:  
John Anderfon my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

#### MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?  
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae seven.

MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na,  
Cummer, na;

For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

\* See also Biograph. Britan. 1st Edit. vol. I. p. 177.

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

*We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their REVEREND FATHER [archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: And as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.*

*The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See an ESSAY on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to BOOK III. in this Volume.*

**I**N december, when the dayes draw to be short,  
 After november, when the nights wax noysome and  
 As I past by a place privily at a port, [long;  
 I saw one sit by himself making a song:  
 His last \* talk of trifles, who told with his tongue  
 That few were fast i'th' faith. I 'freyned † that freake,  
 Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.  
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and  
 What maner men thou meane, thou are so mad. [tell  
 He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,  
 As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;  
 To discusse divinity they nought adread;  
 More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.  
 Thou lvest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad. [speake.

He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,  
 And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;  
 It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,  
 As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:

\* Perhaps He left talk.

† feyned MSS. and P.C.

Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;  
 As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:  
 Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;  
 But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,  
 Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;  
 As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;  
 Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,  
 With homilies, and godly books us among,  
 That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:  
 But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;  
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,  
 And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ har-  
     rowed hel,  
 And poor men are so sore punished commonly through  
     the world,  
 That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.  
 For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be  
     so quel,  
 That if a man do amisse, with mischief they wil him  
     wreake;  
 The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:  
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,  
 And in lechery to leyke al their long life;

*Ver. 3. Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars  
 are said to be*

————— "*Of Caymes kind.*" *Vid. Sig. C ij. b.*

For

For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave  
 Wil move mischief in their mind both to maid and wife  
 To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,  
 And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments  
     breake :

But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;  
     Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp,  
     and not care

According to their foolish fancy; but fast wil they  
     naught:

Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:  
 Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their  
     thought:

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud  
     us bought,

That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a manful freyke  
 Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought;  
     And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in no place, this NOBODY, in no time I met,  
 Where no man, 'ne \*' NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did  
     appear;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,  
 That 'Aeolus †' through the eccho did cause me to hear.  
 Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer  
 Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyke:  
 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,  
     But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

\* then, MSS. and PG.

† Hercules, MSS. and PG.

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER  
AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

— are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his *Travels*, which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY-HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

OH, Fortune! how thy restless waving state  
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!  
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate  
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed  
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:  
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,  
And freeing those that death had well deserved.  
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,  
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

Ver. 4. Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to *Did bear* or *Hath borne*. See below the *Beggar of Bednall Green*, ver. 57. Could say.

V. THE

## V.

## THE HEIR OF LINNE.

*The original of this Ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS. the breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the Reader will pardon, as indeed the conclusion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.*

*From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.*

*The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, whose title went along with his estate.*

## PART THE FIRST.

**L**ITHE and listen, gentlemen,  
 To sing a song I will beginne;  
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
 Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,  
 His mother a lady of high degree;  
 But they, alas! were dead, him free,  
 And he lov'd keeping companie,



A N C I E N T P O E M S. 129

To spend the daye with merry cheare,  
 To drinke and revell every night, 10  
 To card and dice from eve to morne,  
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,  
 To alwaye spend and never spare,  
 I wott, an' it were the king himselfe, 15  
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne  
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;  
 And he maun sell his landes so broad,  
 His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewarde,  
 And John o' the Scales was called hee :  
 But John is become a gentel-man,  
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25  
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere ;  
 Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,  
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;  
 My lande nowe take it unto thee : 30  
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,  
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,  
 And John he cast him a gods-pennie \*;  
 But for every pounce that John agreed, 35  
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,  
 He was right glad his land to winne :  
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And now Ile be the lord of Linne. 40

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,  
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,  
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight. 45  
 My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,  
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,  
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,  
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend ; 50  
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,  
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde :  
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,  
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, 55  
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

\* i. e. earnest-money ; from the French ' Denier à Dieu.' At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a GODS-PENNY.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
 Till all his gold it waxed thinne;  
 And then his friendes they slunk away;  
 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
 Never a penny left but three,  
 And one was brass, another was lead,  
 And another it was white money.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne, 65  
 Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee,  
 For when I was the lord of Linne,  
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,  
 And why shold I feel dole or care? 70  
 Ile borrow of them all by turnes,  
 Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;  
 Another had payd his gold away;  
 Another call'd him thriftles loone, 75  
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,  
 Now well-aday, and woe is me!  
 For when I had my landes so broad,  
 On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

*Ver. 63, 4, 5, &c. Sic MS.*

K 2

Te

To beg my bread from door to door  
 I wis, it were a brenning shame:  
 To rob and steal it were a finne:  
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge, 85  
 For there my father bade me wend;  
 When all the world should frown on mee,  
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

### PART THE SECOND.

A WAY then hyed the heire of Linne  
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,  
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,  
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe, 5  
 In hope some comfort for to winne:  
 But bare and lothly were the walles.  
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke  
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe; 10  
 No shimmering sunn here ever shone;  
 Ne halesome breeze here ever blew. No

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 133

No chair, ne table he mote spye,  
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
 Nought save a rope with renning noose, 15  
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,  
 These words were written so plain to see:  
 "Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,  
 "And brought thyselfe to penurie?" 20

"All this my boding mind misgave,  
 "I therefore left this trusty friend:  
 "Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,  
 "And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke, 25  
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;  
 His heart, I wis, was near to braft  
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,  
 Never a word he spake but three: 30  
 "This is a trusty friend indeed,  
 "And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,  
 And sprang aloft with his bodie:  
 When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine, 35  
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,  
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead :  
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,  
 And in it a key of gold so redd. 40

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
 Strait good comfort found he there ;  
 Itt told him of a hole in the wall,  
 In which there stood three chests in-fere \*.

Two were full of the beaten golde, 45  
 The third was full of white monèy ;  
 And over them in broad lettèrs  
 These words were written so plaine to see :

“ Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere ;  
 “ Amend thy life and follies past ; 50  
 “ For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
 “ That rope must be thy end at last.”

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;  
 And let it bee, but if I amend † :  
 For here I will make mine avow, 55  
 This reade ‡ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,  
 Away then went the heire of Linne ;  
 I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,  
 Till John o' the Scales house he did winne. 60

\* in-fere, *i. e.* together.

‡ *i. e.* advice, counsel.

† *i. e.* unless I amend.

Ver. 60. an old northern phrase.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
 Upp at the speere \* then looked hee ;  
 There fate three lords upon a rowe,  
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself fate at the bord-head, 65  
 Because now lord of Linne was hee.  
 I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,  
 One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;  
 Away, away, this may not bee: 70  
 For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,  
 To John o' the Scales wife then spake he :  
 Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75  
 I pray for sweet saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
 I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;  
 For if we shold hang any losel heere,  
 The first we wold begin with thee. 80

\* Perhaps the Hole in the door or window, by which it was speered,  
 i. e. sparred, fastened, or shut.—In Bale's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng.  
 Votaries, we have this phrase, (fo. 38.) "The dore therof oft tymes  
 "opened and speared agayne,"



Then bespake a good fellowe,  
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord ;  
 Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;  
 Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been, 85  
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;  
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,  
 And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
 To let him sit in thy companie : 90  
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
 All wood he answer'd him againe :  
 Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd, 95  
 But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,  
 Before these lords so faire and free,  
 Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,  
 By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee. 100

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.  
 With that he cast him a gods pennie :  
 Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,  
 And here, good John, is thy monèy.

*Vec. 34. 102. cast, is the reading of the MS.*

And

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 137

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105

And layd them down upon the bord :

All woe begone was John o' the Scales,

Soe flent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,

He told it forth mickle dinne. 110

The gold is thine, the land is mine,

And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellðwe,

Forty pence thou didst lend mee :

Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115

And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make the keeper of my forrest,

Both of the wild deere and the tame ;

For but I reward thy bounteous heart,

I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame. 120

Now welladay ! sayth Joan o' the Scales :

Now welladay ! and woe is my life !

Yesterday I was lady of Linne,

Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne ; 1

Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee :

Christe curse light on me, if ever again

I bring my lands in jeopardy. \* \* \*

††† *In the present Edition of this Ballad several ancient Readings are restored from the folio MS.*

VI. G A S.

## VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES,  
AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a sildier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Wal-thamstoe:" where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Anth. Wood: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "A remembrance of the well employed Life and godly End of GEO. GASCOIGNE, Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Litcheshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, Gent. an eyewitness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to. no date — [From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. THOMAS WARTON thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification \*." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the PARADISE OF DAINY DEVISES†, (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times)

\* Observations on the Faerie Queen, Vol. II. p. 168.

† Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to black-let.

will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line\*: whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, "*A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richard Smith:*" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, "*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq; corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author: 1575.*" —Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's †, or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATER [R. S.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery ‡, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.—The device abovementioned being not ill adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations copied in a plate, which, to gratify the curiosity of the Reader, is prefixed to Book III.

\* The same is true of most of the poems in the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, 1563, 4to, and also of *Surrey's Poems*, 1557.

† Henric Binneman.

‡ LE TEMS DECOUVRE LA VERITE.

**I**N court whoſo demaundes  
 What dame doth moſt excell;  
 For my conceit I muſt needs ſay,  
 Faire Bridges beares the bel.

Upon whoſe lively cheeke, 5  
 To prove my judgment true,  
 The roſe and lillie ſeeme to ſtrive  
 For equall change of hewe :

And therewithall ſo well  
 Hir graces all agree ; 10  
 No frowning cheere dare once preſume  
 In hir ſweet face to bee.

Although ſome laviſhe lippes,  
 Which like ſome other beſt,  
 Will ſay, the blemiſhe on hir browe 15  
 Diſgraceth all the reſt.

Thereto I thus replie ;  
 God wotte, they little knowe  
 The hidden cauſe of that miſhap,  
 Nor how the harm did growe : 20

For when dame Nature firſt  
 Had framde hir heavenly face,  
 And thoroughly bedecked it  
 With goodly gleames of grace ;

It

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 141

It lyked hir so well : 25

Lo here, quod she, a peece  
For perfect shape, that passeth all  
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chauce to catche  
The greatest God of love, 30  
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,  
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas ! those wordes  
Were vaunted all in vayne;  
And some unseen wer present there, 35  
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,  
Close in a corner stoode,  
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir :  
I gesse it did him good. 40

Yet when he felte the flame  
Gan kindle in his brest,  
And herd dame Nature boast by hir  
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love 45  
He chaunged into hate,  
And sodeynly with mightie mace  
Gan ra hir on the pate.

It

It greeved Nature muche  
 To see the cruell deede :  
 Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept  
 To see hir dearling bleede. 50

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt  
 Shal have some helpe I trowe :  
 And quick with skin she coverd it,  
 That whiter is than snowe. 55

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,  
 For feare of further flame,  
 When angel-like he saw hir shine,  
 Whome he had smit with shame. 60

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt  
 In cradel of hir kind.  
 The coward Cupide brake hir browe  
 To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains ;  
 No force, there let it bee :  
 There is no cloude that can eclipse  
 So bright a sunne, as she. 65

\* \* \* *The Lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. See Collins's Peerage, vol. II. p. 133, ed. 1779.*

*Ver. 62. In cradel of hir kind: i. e. in the cradle of her family. See Warton's Observations, vol. II. p. 137.*



VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze\*; but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or filke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

"Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:  
"Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

\* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

" In English thus :

" The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,  
 " Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent :  
 " In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,  
 " That by her life was sweete and redolent :  
 " But now that she is from this life blent,  
 " Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.  
 " A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke."

*Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 154.*

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it, as " the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. III. p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out " by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde : which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." 3d Edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture) ; they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly ; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on  
 her

her tomb-stone, as we learn from a person of credit \*, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a CUP. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, (perhaps only the Chalice) might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the CUP, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow: "Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, . . . . and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and aduouterous company with men." *Annals*, p 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might relieue with their prayers, the soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund

\* Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig. *Hist.* vol. III. p. 739.

"there interred." \* . . . . In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, "Rosamundes tumber at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owte of it †." See Hearn's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundation of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espée; (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury and Geoffrey bishop of Lincoln ‡. Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152] and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." [Carte's Hist. Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be observed that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to

\* Vid. Reign of Henry II. in Speed's Hist. writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Beoking.

† This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.

‡ Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library: wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey Plantagenet, "Natus est 5<sup>o</sup> Hen. II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25<sup>o</sup> Hen. II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 28<sup>o</sup> Hen. II. [1182.]" Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall, (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The following Ballad is printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,  
The second of that name,  
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde  
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5  
Her favour, and her face;  
A sweeter creature in this worlde  
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde  
Appeard to each mans sight; 10  
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,  
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes  
Did such a colour drive,  
As though the lillye and the rose 15  
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,  
Her name was called so,  
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,  
Was known a deadlye foe. 20

The king therefore, for her defence,  
Against the furious queene,  
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,  
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built 25  
Of stone and timber strong,  
An hundered and fifty doors  
Did to this bower belong :

And they so cunninglye contriv'd  
With turnings round about, 30  
That none but with a clue of thread,  
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,  
That was so faire and brighte,  
The keeping of this bower he gave 35  
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne  
Where she before did smile,  
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy  
Full soon shee did beguile : 40

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 149

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,  
Whom he did high advance,  
Against his father raised warres  
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king 45  
The English land forfooke,  
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,  
His farewelle thus he tooke :

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,  
That pleasest best mine eye : 50  
The fairest flower in all the worlde  
To feed my fantasie :

The flower of mine affected heart,  
Whose sweetnes doth excelle :  
My royal Rose, a thousand times 55  
I bid thee nowe farwelle !

For I must leave my fairest flower,  
My sweetest Rose, a space,  
And cross the seas to famous France,  
Proud rebelles to abase. 60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt  
My coming shortly see,  
And in my heart, when hence I am,  
Ile beare my Rose with mee.”



When Rosamond, that ladye brighte, 65  
 Did heare the king faye foe,  
 The sorrowe of her grieved heart  
 Her outward lookes did showe ;

And from her cleare and cryfall eyes  
 The teares gusht out apace, 70  
 Which like the silver-pearled dewe  
 Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,  
 Did waxe both wan and pale,  
 And for the sorrow she conceivde 75  
 Her vitall spirits faile ;

And falling down all in a swoone  
 Before king Henryes face,  
 Full oft he in his princelye armes  
 Her bodye did embrace : 80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,  
 He kist her tender cheeke,  
 Untill he had revivde againe  
 Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ? 85  
 The king did often say.  
 Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres  
 My lord must part awaye.

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 151

But since your grace on forrayne coastes  
 Amonge your foes unkinde 90  
 Must goe to hazard life and limbe,  
 Why should I staye behinde ?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,  
 Your sworde and target beare ;  
 That on my breast the blowes may lighte, 95  
 Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,  
 Prepare your bed at nighte,  
 And with sweete baths refresh your grace,  
 At your returne from fighte. 100

So I your prefence may enjoye  
 No toil I will refuse ;  
 But wanting you, my life is death ;  
 Nay, death Ild rather chuse !

“ Content thy self, my dearest love ; 105  
 Thy rest at home shall bee  
 In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ;  
 For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ;  
 Soft peace their sexe delightes ; 110  
 ‘ Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers ;  
 Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.’

My Rose shall safely here abide,  
 With musicke passe the daye;  
 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,      115  
 My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,  
 Whilst I me in armour dighte;  
 Gay galliards here my love shall dance,  
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte.      120

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste  
 To bee my loves defence;  
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose  
 When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,      125  
 As though his heart would breake:  
 And Rosamonde, for very grieve,  
 Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte  
 In heart be grieved fore:      130  
 After that daye faire Rosamonde  
 The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,  
 And into France was gone;  
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor,      135  
 To Woodstocke came anone.

And

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 153

And forth she calles this trustye knight,  
 In an unhappy houre ;  
 Who with his clue of twined thread,  
 Came from this famous bower. 140

And when that they had wounded him,  
 The queene this thread did gette,  
 And went where ladye Rosamonde  
 Was like an angell fette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye 145  
 Beheld her beauteous face,  
 She was amazed in her minde  
 At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,  
 That riche and costlye bee; 150  
 And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,  
 Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees  
 Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;  
 And pardon of the queene she crav'd 155  
 For her offences all.

“ Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,  
 Faire Rosamonde did crye ;  
 And lett mee not with poison stronge  
 Enforced bee to dye. 160  
 I will

I will renounce my sinfull life,  
 And in some cloyster bide;  
 Or else be banisht, if you please,  
 To range the world foe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,      165  
 Though I was forc'd theretoe,  
 Preserve my life, and punish mee  
 As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes  
 She wrunge full often there;      170  
 And downe along her lovely face  
 Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene  
 Therewith appeased bee;  
 The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,      175  
 As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;  
 Who tooke it in her hand,  
 And from her bended knee arose,  
 And on her feet did stand:      180

And casting up her eyes to heaven,  
 Shee did for mercye calle;  
 And drinking up the poison stronge,  
 Her life she lost withalle.

And

# ANCIENT POEMS. 155

And when that death through everye limbe  
 Had showde its greatest spite, 185  
 Her chiefeſt foes did plaine confeſſe  
 Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,  
 When life was fled away,  
 At Godſlowe, neare to Oxford towne,  
 As may be ſeene this day. 190

\*

## VIII.

### QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

*“ Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho’ at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor’s gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened*





# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 157

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,  
 My sceptre, crowne, and all,  
 That whatsoere queen Elianor sayes 15  
 No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,  
 And Ile put on another;  
 And we will to queen Elianor goe  
 Like fryar and his brother. 20

Thus both attired then they goe:  
 When they came to Whitehall,  
 The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
 And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene 25  
 They fell on their bended knee;  
 A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,  
 That you sent so haſtilee.

Are you two fryars of France, ſhe ſayd,  
 As I ſuppoſe you bee? 30  
 But if you are two Engliſhe fryars,  
 You ſhall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they ſayd,  
 As you ſuppoſe we bee,  
 We have not been at any maſſe 35  
 Sith we came from the ſea.

The

The first vile thing that ever I did  
 I will to you unfolde ;  
 Earl marshall had my maidenhed,  
 Beneath this cloth of golde. 40

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king ;  
 May God forgive it thee !  
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;  
 With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did, 45  
 To you Ile not denye,  
 I made a boxe of poyson strong,  
 To poison king Henrye.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king,  
 May God forgive it thee ! 50  
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;  
 And I wish it so may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,  
 To you I will discover ;  
 I poysoned fair Rosamonde, 55  
 All in fair Woodstocke bower.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king ;  
 May God forgive it thee !  
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;  
 And I wish it so may bee. 60

Do you see yonders little boye,  
 A tossing of the balle?  
 That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,  
 And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye, 65  
 A catching of the balle?  
 That is king Henryes youngest sonne,  
 And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;  
 His nose is like a boare. 70  
 No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,  
 I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,  
 And appeared all in redde:  
 She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 75  
 And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,  
 And a grimme look looked hee,  
 Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,  
 Or hanged thou shouldst bee. 80

*V. 63, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl  
 marshall, the youngest by the king.*

## IX.

## THE STURDY ROCK.

*This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall\*] is preserved in The Paradise of daintie devises, quoted above in page 138.—The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in “An howres recreation in musicke, &c. by Richard Alifon, Lond. 1606, 4to:” usually bound up with 3 or 4 sets of “Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to.” One of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.*

*Thule, the period of cosmographie,  
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire  
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,  
Trinacrian Ætna’s flames ascend not hie:  
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*The Andalusian merchant, that returnes  
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,  
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes  
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:  
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composition.*

\* Vid. *Athen. Oxon.* p. 152. 316.

**T**HE sturdy rock for all his strength  
By raging seas is rent in twaine:

The marble stone is pearst at length,

With little drops of drizzling rain:

The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke,

The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,

By yalping hounds at bay is set:

The swiftest bird, that flies about,

Is caught at length in fowlers net:

The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,

Is soon deceived by subtil hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will

All things are bounden to obey,

For all his wit and worthie skill,

Doth fade at length, and fall away.

There is nothing but time doeth waste;

The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still

Upon the throne of glorious fame:

Though spiteful death mans body kill,

Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:

By life or death what so betides,

The state of vertue never slides.

## X.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF  
BEDNALL-GREEN.

*This popular old Ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queen's arms;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the Ballad on MARY AMBREE in this volume.—The late Mr. GUTHRIE assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old Beggar, that "down his neck*

— his reverend lockes

In comelye curls did wave;

And on his aged temples grewe

The bloffomes of the grave."

*The following Ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar Ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought Aug. 4, 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side,*

*side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.*

PART THE FIRST.

**I**TT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,  
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;  
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,  
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessie.

And though shee was of favor most faire, 5  
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,  
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,  
Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessie.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,  
Good father, and mother, let me goe away 10  
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.  
This suite then they granted to pretty Bessie.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,  
All cladd in gray ruffett, and late in the night  
From father and mother alone parted shee; 15  
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;  
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:  
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,  
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessie. 20



Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,  
 And went unto Rumford along the hye way;  
 Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:  
 Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessie.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,      25  
 But master and mistres and all was her friend:  
 And every brave gallant, that once did her see,  
 Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessie.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,  
 And in their songs daylye her love was extold;      30  
 Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;  
 Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessie.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;  
 Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye;  
 And at her commandment still wold they bee;      35  
 Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessie.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;  
 They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe;  
 I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.  
 Yett ever they honored prettye Bessie.      40

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
 And he came unto her disguisde in the night:  
 The second a gentleman of good degree,  
 Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessie.

A mer-

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 165

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45  
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall :  
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,  
 Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessie.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,  
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight ; 50  
 My hart's so intrall'd by thy bewtie,  
 That soone I shall dye for pretty Bessie.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,  
 As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee :  
 My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee ; 55  
 And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessie.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,  
 Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;  
 My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,  
 And I will for ever love pretty Bessie. 60

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,  
 My father and mother I meane to obey ;  
 First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,  
 And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessie.

To every one this answer shee made, 65  
 Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,  
 This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree ;  
 But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessie?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene :  
 The feely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,      70  
 That daylye sits begging for charitie,  
 He is the good father of pretty Bessie.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well ;  
 He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell :  
 A feely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,      75  
 Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessie.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee :  
 Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee :  
 I lothe, sayd the gentlo, a beggars degree,  
 And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessie !      80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,  
 I waighe not true love by the waight of the purse,  
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;  
 Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessie.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.      85  
 Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be foe ;  
 A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,  
 Then take thy adew of pretty Bessie,

But soone after this, by breake of the day  
 The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.      90  
 The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,  
 Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessie.

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 167

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,  
 Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;  
 And as the knight lighted most courteouslie, 95  
 They all fought against him for pretty Bessie.

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,  
 Or else the young knight for his love had been flaine.  
 This fray being ended, then straitway he see  
 His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessie. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,  
 Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:  
 Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,  
 Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105  
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,  
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see  
 The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,  
 The gold that you drop shall all be your owne. 110  
 With that they replied, Contented bee wee.  
 Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessie.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,  
 And dropped in angels full three thousand \* pound;  
 And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine, 115  
 For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne:

\* In the Editor's folio MS. it is 500l.

Soe that the place, wherin they did fitt,  
 With gold it was covered every whitt.  
 The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,  
 Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.    120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.  
 Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;  
 And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe  
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,    125  
 Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:  
 And all those, that were her suitors before,  
 Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessè matched to the knight,  
 And then made a ladye in others despite:    130  
 A fairer ladye there never was seene,  
 Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,  
 The SECOND FITT \* shall set forth to your sight    135  
 With marvellous pleasure, and wished delight.

*\* See an Essay on the word FIT at the end of the SECOND PART.*

## PART THE SECOND.

**O**FF a blind beggars daughter most bright,  
 That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;  
 All the discourse therof you did see;  
 But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave, 5  
 Adorned with all the cost they cold have,  
 This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
 And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete  
 Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete; 10  
 Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
 Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This marriage through England was spread by report,  
 Soe that a great number therto did resort  
 Of nobles and gentles in every degree; 15  
 And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;  
 His bride followed after, an angell most bright,  
 With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene  
 As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene. 20

This marryage being solempnized then,  
 With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,  
 The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,  
 Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now,

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,      25  
 To talke, and to reason a number begunn :  
 They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,  
 And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marveil have wee,  
 This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."      30  
 My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,  
 He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe  
 Before her own face, were a flattering thinge ;  
 But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,      35  
 Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
 But in comes the beggar cladd in a filke cloke ;  
 A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,  
 And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.      40

He had a daintye lute under his arme,  
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,  
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,  
 Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessie.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,      45  
 And thereon begann most sweetlye to play ;  
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,  
 He strayn'd out this song most delicatelic.

" A poore



“ A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,  
 “ Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene: 50  
 “ A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,  
 “ And many one called her pretty Bessie.

“ Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,  
 “ But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;  
 “ And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three\*, 55  
 “ And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

“ And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,  
 “ Her father is ready, with might and with maine,  
 “ To proove shee is come of noble degree:  
 “ Therfore never flout att prettye Bessie.” 60

With that the lords and the companie round  
 With harty laughter were readye to ffound;  
 Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see,  
 The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise, 65  
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,  
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,  
 That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,  
 Well may he be proud of this happy day; 70  
 Yett by his countenance well may wee see,  
 His birth and his fortune did never agree:

\* So the folio MS.

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,  
 (And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)  
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee; 75  
 For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie.

“ Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,  
 “ One song more to sing, and then I have done;  
 “ And if that itt may not winn good report,  
 “ Then doe not give me a GROAT for my sport. 80

“ [Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;  
 “ Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,  
 “ Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,  
 “ Now losse and forgotten are hee and his race.

“ When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose, 85  
 “ Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;  
 “ A leader of courage undaunted was hee,  
 “ And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

“ At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine  
 “ The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine; 90  
 “ Mosse fatall that battel did prove unto thee,  
 “ Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessie!

“ Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,  
 “ His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,  
 “ Was felde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight! 95  
 “ A blowe that deprivde him for ever of fight.

“ Among

“ Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,  
 “ Till evening drewe on of the following daye,  
 “ When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;  
 “ And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie! 100

“ A barons faire daughter slept forth in the night  
 “ To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
 “ And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,  
 “ Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

“ In secrette she nursd him, and swaged his paine, 105  
 “ While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine:  
 “ At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,  
 “ And made him glad father of prettye Bessie.

“ And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,  
 “ We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye; 110  
 “ Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:  
 “ All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessie.]

“ And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,  
 “ Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighe:  
 “ Full forty winters thus have I beene 115  
 “ A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

“ And here, noble lordes, is ended the song  
 “ Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:  
 “ And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,  
 “ That ne’er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessie.”

Now when the faire company everye one,      121  
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,  
 They all were amazed, as well they might bee,  
 Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessie.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,      125  
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,  
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
 And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,  
 A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,  
 In joy and felicitie long lived hee,      131  
 All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessie.

\* \* \*

††† *The word FIT, for PART, often occurs in our ancient ballads, and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by FITS, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his Art of English Poesie, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by "breaches into three partes to serve for three several FITS, "or times to be sung." p. 41.*

*From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be "in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui, "upon benches and barrells heads, where they have none "other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by "them in the streete; or else by BLIND HARPERS, or such "like*

“ like taverne Minstrels, that give a FIT of mirth for a  
 “ GROAT, . . their matter being for the most part stories of  
 “ old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of  
 “ Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme  
 “ of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical  
 “ rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at  
 “ Chriftmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and  
 “ alehouses, and such other places of base resort.” p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been  
 banded down from the ancient bards, was in the time of  
 Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not,  
 even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives  
 us room to infer from another passage, “ We ourselves, says  
 “ this courtly & writer, have written for pleasure a little  
 “ brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of  
 “ the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and  
 “ by breaches or divisions [*i. e.* FITS] to be more commo-  
 “ diously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where  
 “ the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures,  
 “ and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are  
 “ those of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table,  
 “ Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others  
 “ like.” p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was com-  
 pleat without one of these reciters to entertain the company  
 with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of  
 these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient ro-  
 mance in the Editor’s folio MS.

“ When meate and drinke is great plentyè,  
 “ And lords and ladyes still wil bee,  
 “ And sitt and solace & lythe; § Perhaps  
 “ Then itt is time for mee to speake “ blythe.”  
 “ Of keene knightes, and kempes great,  
 “ Such carping for to lythe.”

† He was one of Q. Elizabeth’s gent. prisoners, at a time when the  
 whole band consist of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid.  
 Ash. Ox.

If we consider that a GROAT in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal green, in 2 parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding Ballad, p. 170, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a GROAT for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession — Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the FIRST part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the SECOND. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth. — Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine FITS, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word FIT; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts, (answering to PASSUS in the visions of Piers Plowman): thus in the ancient Ballad of CHEVY-CHASE, (Vol. I. p. 9) the first Part ends with this line,

“ The first FIT here I fynde:”

i. e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also Vol. I. p. 26.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See Vol. I. pp. 164, 173.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

“ Lo! lordis mine, here is a FITT;

“ If ye woll any more of it,

“ To tell it woll I fende.”

The

The word **FIT** indeed appears originally to have signified a Poetic Strain, Verse, or Poem; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus *K. Ælfred* in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, *Dære wifdom tha thaƿ fitte arunjen hæfde*, p. 65, i. e. "When wisdom had sung these [FITS] verses." And in the Proem to the same book *Fon on fitte*, "Put into [FIT] verse." So in *Cedmon*, p. 45. *Feond on fitte*, seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem."—The Reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *fond*, in the foregoing passage of *Chaucer*. See *Gloss*.

*Spencer* has used the word **FIT** to denote "a strain of music;" see his poem, intitled, "*COLLIN Clout's come home again*," where he says,

The Shepherd of the ocean [*Sir Walt. Raleigh*]  
Provoked me to play some pleasant **FIT**.

And when he heard the music which I made  
He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it, &c.

It is also used in the old Ballad of *K. ESTMERE*, Vol. I. p. 74, v. 243.

From being applied to Music, this word was easily transferred to Dancing; thus in the old play of *Lusty Juventus* (described in p. 114.), *Juventus* says,

By the masse I would fayne go daunce a **FITTE**.

And from being used as a Part or Division in a Ballad, Poem, &c. it is applied by *BALE* to a Section or Chapter in a Book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm) for thus he intitles two Chapters of his *English Notaryes* pt. 2d. viz.—fol. 49, "The fynt **FYT** of Anselme with Kynge Wylllyam Rufus."—fol. 50, "An other **FYTT** of Anselme with kynge Wylllyam Rufus."



## XI.

## F A N C Y A N D D E S I R E.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

*Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's Arte. of Eng Poesie \*, and found intire in the Garland of Good-will: A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the Paradise of Daintie Devises. One of these is intituled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,*

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'  
 Who triumphs over me;  
 For black and tawnie will I weare,  
 Which mourning colours be.

*We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed, Jan. 8, 1536; "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware "YELLOW for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, "on the ascension day following, the kyng for mourning ware WHYTE." Fol. 227, 228.*

\* Lond. 1589, p. 172.

Edward,

*Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Athen. Oxon. &c.*

C O M E hither shepherd's fwayne:  
 " Sir, what do you require?"  
 I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.  
 " My name is FOND DESIRE."

When wert thou borne, Desire? 5  
 " In pompe and pryme of may."  
 By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?  
 " By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?  
 " Fresh Youth in sugred joy." 10  
 What was thy meate and dayly foode?  
 " Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?  
 " Unfavoury lovers teares."  
 What cradle wert thou rocked in? 15  
 " In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?  
 " Sweete speech, which likes me best."  
 Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?  
 " In gentle hartes I rest." 20

What thing doth please thee most?  
 "To gaze on beautye stille."  
 Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?  
 "Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease? 25  
 "Yes, surelye, many one."  
 Where doth Desire delighte to live?  
 "He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age  
 Bring him unto decaye? 30  
 "No, no, Desire both lives and dyes  
 "Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,  
 'Thou art no mate for mee;  
 I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle 35  
 With such a one as thee.

## XII.

## SIR ANDREW BARTON.

*I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's Peerage; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I. 4to. p. 22.*

*The*

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey \* and his family at this time [A. D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas † and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the *Bark of Scotland*.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his

\* Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

† Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time. He was father of the poetical E. of Surrey.

men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames. [Aug. 2, 1511.]

“This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father’s order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward’s fortune; for, on the 7th of April 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c

“King James ‘insisted’ upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: ‘tho’ Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves.” This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before “but two ships of war.” Now the GREAT HARRY had been built only seven years before, viz in 1504: which “was properly speaking” the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when “the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but “hiring ships from the merchants.” Hume.

This Ballad which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor’s folio MS. wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection), as also by conjecture.

THE

THE FIRST PART.

‘ **W**HEN Flora with her fragrant flowers  
 ‘ Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,  
 ‘ And Neptune with his daintye showers  
 ‘ Came to present the monthe of Maye \* ;’  
 King Henrye rode to take the ayre, 5  
 Over the river of Thames past hee ;  
 When eighty merchants of London came,  
 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

“ O yee are welcome, rich merchànts ;  
 Good saylors, welcome unto mee.” 10  
 They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,  
 But rich merchànts they cold not bee :  
 “ To France nor Flanders dare we pass :  
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare ;  
 And all for a rover that lyes on the seas, 15  
 ‘ Who robbs us of our merchant ware.”

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,  
 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,  
 “ I thought he had not beene in the world,  
 Durst have wrought England such unright.” 20  
 The merchants sighed, and said, alas !  
 And thus they did their answer frame,  
 He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,  
 And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

\* From the pr. copy.

Ver. 15. 83. robber. MS.

The king lookt over his left shouldèr, 25  
And an angrye look then looked hee:  
“Have I never a lorde in all my realme,  
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?”  
Yea, that dare I; lord Howard sayes;  
Yea, that dare I with heart and hand; 30  
If it please your grace to give me leave,  
Myfelfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the kyng replied:  
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.  
“Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail, 35  
Or before my prince I will never appeare.”  
Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,  
And chuse them over my realme so free;  
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,  
To guide the great shipp on the sea. 40

The first man, that lord Howard chose,  
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,  
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten:  
Good Peter Simon was his name.  
Peter, fais hee, I must to the sea, 45  
To bring home a traytor live or dead:  
Before all others I have chosen thee;  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

*Vers. 29, lord Charles Howard. MS.*



If you, my lord, have chosen mee  
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head, 50  
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,  
 If I misse my marke one shilling bread \*.  
 My lord then chose a boweman rare,  
 ' Whose active hands had gained fame †.  
 In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne, 55  
 And William Horfeley was his name ‡.

Horfeley, sayd he, I must with speede  
 Go seeke a traytor on the sea,  
 And now of a hundred bowemen brave  
 To be the head I have chosen thee. 60  
 If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee  
 Of a hundred bowemen to be the head ;  
 On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee,  
 If I misse twelvescore one penny bread \*.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65  
 This noble Howard is gone to the sea ;  
 With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,  
 Out at Thames mouth sayled he.  
 And days he scant had sayled three,  
 Upon the ' voyage', he tooke in hand, 70  
 But there he mett with a noble shipp,  
 And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

\* *An old Eng. word for Breadth.*

† *Pr. copy.*

‡ *Mr. Lambe, in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field, contends, that this expert bowman's name was not HORSELEY, but HUSTLER, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vid. p. 5.*

*Ver. 70. Journey. MS.*

Thou must tell me, lord Howard said,  
 Now who thou art, and what's thy name;  
 And shewe me where thy dwelling is:      75  
 And whither bound, and whence thou came.  
 My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee  
 With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;  
 I and my shipp doe both belong,  
 To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.      80

Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,  
 As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,  
 Of a Scottish rover on the seas;  
 Men call him sir Andrew Barton, knight?  
 Then ever he fighed, and sayd alas!      85  
 With a grieved mind, and well away!  
 But over-well I knowe that wight,  
 I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,  
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;      90  
 To his hach-borde he clasped me,  
 And robd me of all my merchant ware;  
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,  
 And every man will have his owne;  
 And I am nowe to London bounde,      95  
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

*Ver. 91. The MS. has here Archborde, but in Pt. II. ver. 5. Hachebord.*

You

That shall not need, lord Howard sais ;  
 Lett me but once that robber see,  
 For every penny tane thee froe  
 It shall be doubled shillings three. 100  
 Nowe God forefend, the merchant said,  
 That you shold seek foe far amisse !  
 God keepe you out of that traitors hands !  
 Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasle within, and steele without. 105  
 With beames on his topcastle stronge;  
 And eighteen pieces of ordinance  
 He carries on each side along :  
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,  
 St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide ; 110  
 His pinnace beareth ninetcore men,  
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one ;  
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall ;  
 He wold overcome them everye one, 115  
 If once his beames they doe downe fall \*.

\* It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy DOLPHINS made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the masts, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked Triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, Lib. 7, p. 256, Ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Sebestie i de Militiâ Navali, Lib. 2, cap. 5, p. 136, Ed. 1653, 4to.

N. B. It every where in the MS. seems to be written Beanes.

This is cold comfort, fais my lord,  
 To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:  
 Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,  
 Or to Scotland hee shall carrye mee. 120

Then a noble gunner you must have,  
 And he must aim well with his his ee,  
 And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
 Or else hee never orecome will bee:  
 And if you chance his shipp to borde, 125  
 This counsel I must give withall,  
 Let no man to his topcastle goe  
 To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,  
 I pray your honour lend to mee, 130  
 On each side of my shipp along,  
 And I will lead you on the sea.  
 A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,  
 Whether you sayle by day or night;  
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke 135  
 You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse  
 Soe well apparent in his sight,  
 And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,  
 He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.  
 His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold, 5  
 Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:  
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde fais,  
 This is a gallant sight to see.  
 Take in your ancyents, standards eke,  
 So close that no man may them see; 10  
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,  
 As merchants use to sayle the sea.  
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast \*;  
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.  
 What English churles are yonder, he sayd, 15  
 That can foe litle curtesye?  
 Now by the roode, three yeares and more  
 I have beene admirall over the sea;  
 And never an English nor Portingall  
 Without my leave can passe this way. 20  
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace;  
 "Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:  
 I sweare by the masse, yon English churles  
 Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

*Ver.* 5. 'hached with gold.' *MS.*

\* *i. e.* did not salute.

With that the pinnace itt shott off, 25  
 Full well lord Howard might it ken ;  
 For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,  
 And killed fourteen of his men.  
 Come hither, Simon, fayer my lord,  
 Looke that thy word be true, thou said ; 30  
 For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,  
 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold.  
 His ordinance he laid right lowe ;  
 He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35  
 With other great shott lesse, and moe ;  
 And he lette goe his great gunnes shott ;  
 Soe well he settled itt with his ee,  
 The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,  
 He see his pinnace funke in the sea. 40

And when he saw his pinnace funke,  
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !  
 " Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon ;  
 Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell."  
 When my Lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose, 45  
 Within his heart hee was full faine :  
 " Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,  
 Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

*Ver. 35. i. e. discharged chain-shot.*

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe fais,  
 Weale howsoever this geere will sway; 50  
 Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,  
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.  
 Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,  
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;  
 In att his decke he gave a shott, 55  
 Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott  
 Came bravely on the other side,  
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,  
 And killed fourscore men beside. 60  
 Nowe, out alas ! Sir Andrewe cryed,  
 What may a man now thinke, or say ?  
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,  
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 65  
 That aye wast readye att my call;  
 I will give thee three hundred markes,  
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.  
 Lord Howard hee then call'd in haile,  
 " Horfeley see thou be true in stead; 70  
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,  
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.

*Ver. 67. 34 pounds. MS.*

Then



Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,  
 He swarved it with might and maine;  
 But Horfeley with a bearing arrowe,      75  
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine;  
 And he fell unto the haches again,  
 And fore his deadlye wounde did bleed:  
 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,  
 How that the Gordon hee was dead.      80

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,  
 Thou art my only sisters sonne,  
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,  
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.  
 With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,      85  
 He swarved it with nimble art;  
 But Horfeley with a broad arròwe  
 Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,  
 That with his blood did streame amaine:      90  
 Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!  
 Alas a comelye youth is flaine!  
 All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,  
 With grieve and rage his heart did swell:  
 "Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe,      95  
 For I will to the topcastle myfelf."

*Ver. 75. bearinge, sc. that carries well, &c. But see Gloss. vol. I.*

"Goe

“ Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe ;  
 That gilded is with gold foe cleare :  
 God be with my brother John of Barton !  
 Against the Portingalls hee it ware ; 100  
 And when he had on this armour of prooffe,  
 He was a gallant fight to see :  
 Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,  
 My deere brothèr, could cope with thee.”

Come hither Horfeley, fayer my lord, 105  
 And looke your shaft that itt goe right,  
 Shoot a good shoote in time of need,  
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.  
 Ile shoot my best, quoth Horfeley then,  
 Your honour shall see, with might and maine; 110  
 But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,  
 I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,  
 With right good will he swarved then:  
 Upon his breast did Horfeley hitt, 115  
 But the arrow bounded back agen.  
 Then Horfeley spyed a privye place  
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;  
 Under the spole of his right arme  
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

“Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew fayes,  
 A little I me hurt, but yett not flaine;  
 Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,  
 And then Ile rise and fight againe.

“Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew fayes,                    125  
 And never flinche before the foe;  
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse  
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe.”

They never heard his whistle blow,—  
 Which made their hearts waxe fore adread: 130  
 Then Horfeley layd, Aboard, my lord,  
 For well I wott Sir Andrew’s dead.  
 They boarded then his noble shipp,  
 They boarded it with might and maine;  
 Eighteen score Scots alive they found,                    135  
 The rest were either maimed or flaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,  
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;  
 “I must have left England many a daye,  
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead.”                    140  
 He caused his body to be cast  
 Over the hatchbord into the sea,  
 And about his middle three hundred crownes:  
 “Wherever thou land this will bury thee.”

Thus

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 195

Thus from the warres lord Howard came, 145

And backe he sayled ore the maine,

With mickle joy and triumphing

Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,

And sealed it with seale and ring ; 150

“ Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,

As never did subject to a king,

“ Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee ;

A braver shipp was never none :

Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warr, 155

Before in England was but one.”

King Henryes grace with royall cheere

Welcomed the noble Howard home,

And where, said he, is this rover stout,

That I myselfe may give the doome ? 160

“ The rover, he is safe, my leige,

Full many a fadom in the sea ;

If he were alive as he is dead,

I must have left England many a day :

And your grace may thank four men i'the ship 165

For the victory wee have wonne,

These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,

And Peter Simon, and his sonne.”

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,  
 In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170  
 A noble a day now thou shalt have,  
 Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.  
 And Horfeley thou shalt be a knight,  
 And lands and livings shalt have store;  
 Howard shall be erle Surrye hight, 175  
 As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,  
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:  
 And the men shall have five hundred markes  
 For the good service they have done. 180  
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair  
 To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight:  
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,  
 And thought to have seen a gallant fight.

But when they see his deadlye face, 185  
 And eyes foe hollow in his head,  
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,  
 This man were alive as hee is dead:  
 Yett for the manfull part hee playd,  
 Which fought foe well with heart and hand, 190  
 His men shall have twelvenpence a day,  
 Till they come to my brother kings high land.

\* \* \*

*Ver. 175, 6. . . Erle of Nottingham, And foe was never, &c. MS.*

XIII. L A D Y

XIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL's LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*The subject of this pathetic Ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of 60 at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A young lady of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.*

**B**ALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe!

It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:

If thou'lt be silent, lfe be glad,

Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,

5

Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,

It grieves me fair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luv,  
 And with his sugred wordes \* to muve, 10  
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire  
 To me that time did not appeire :  
 But now I see, most cruell hee  
 Careſ neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c. 15

Lye ſtill, my darling, ſleipe a while,  
 And when thou wakeſt, ſweetly ſmile :  
 But ſmile not, as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids : nay God forbid !  
 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire 20  
 Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuſe, but ever will  
 Be luving to thy father ſtill :  
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, 25  
 My luv with him doth ſtill abyde :  
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

\* When ſugar was firſt imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet ſugred is uſed by all our old writers metaphorically to expreſs extreme and delicate ſweetneſs. (See above, No. XI. v. 10.) Sugar at preſent is cheap and common; and therefore ſuggeſts now a coarſe and vulgar idea.



# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 199

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30

To faynings fals thine hart incline :

Be loyal to thy luer trew,

And nevir change his for a new :

If gude or faire, of hir have care,

For womens banning's wonderous fair. 35

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,

Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;

My babe and I'll together live,

He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve : 40

My babe and I right fast will ly,

And quite forget man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,

That evir kist a womans mouth ! 45

I wish all maides be warnd by mee

Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;

For if we doe bot chance to bow,

They'le use us then they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe, 50

It grives me fair to see thee weipe.

## XIV.

## THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

*The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary 2. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elegium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.*

*Henry lord Darnley was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.*

*This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was 2. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4, 1560.*

W O E

WOE worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlände!  
 For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;  
 The worthiest prince that ever was borne,  
 You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote, 5  
 And sealed itt with harte and ringe;  
 And bade him come Scotland within,  
 And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,  
 To bee a prince unto a peere: 10  
 But you have heard, and soe have I too,  
 A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,  
 Was as well beloved as ever was hee,  
 Lord David was his name, 15  
 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,  
 He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,  
 And tho itt befseemed him not so well,  
 Altho the kinge had beene present there. 20

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,  
 And quarrelled with him for the nonte;  
 I shall you tell how it befell,  
 Twelve daggers were in him att once.

*Ver. 15. sic MS.*

When

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,  
 For him her faire cheeks shee did weete, 26  
 And made a vowe for a yeare and a day  
 The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,  
 And made their vow all vehementlye; 30  
 For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,  
 The king himselte, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,  
 And layd greene rushes in his way;  
 For the traitors thought that very night 35  
 This worthy king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;  
 To take his rest was his desire;  
 He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,  
 But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

Up he lepe, and the window brake,  
 And hee had thirtye foote to fall;  
 Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,  
 Underneath his castle wall.

Who have wee here? lord Bodwell sayd: 45  
 Now answer me, that I may know.  
 "King Henry the eighth my uncle was;  
 For his sweete sake some pittie shew."

Who

Who have we here? lord Bodwell fayd,  
 Now answer me when I doe speake. 50  
 “ Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;  
 Some pittie on me I pray thee take.”

Ile pittie thee as much, he fayd,  
 And as much favor shew to thee,  
 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, 55  
 That day thou deemedst him to die \*.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,  
 Through towers and castles that were nye,  
 Through an arbor into an orchard,  
 There on a peare-tree hanged him hye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard  
 How that the worthe king was slaine;  
 He persued the queen so bitterlye,  
 That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England, 65  
 And here her residence hath taine;  
 And through the queene of Englands grace,  
 In England now shee doth remaine.

\* Pronounced after the northern manner dee.

## XV.

## A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

*The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie: a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.*

" I find, says this antiquated critic, none example in English metre, so well maintaining this figure [Exargasia, or the Gorgesus, Lat. Expolitio] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall, which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reasme to be reserved for a last complement. and desciphr'd by a ladies penne, herse'fe beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of queenes†. And this was the occasion: our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were scarce meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life The queene our soveraigne ladie to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdom and pacience disssembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and

† She was at this time near three-score.

"sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the  
 "daunger of their ambition and disloyaltie : which after-  
 "ward fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of  
 "sundry persons, who in favour of the said Sc. 2. de-  
 "clining from her Maiesttie, sought to interrupt the quiet of  
 "the Realme by many euill and vndutiful practizes."  
 (p. 207.)

This Sonnet was probably written in 1584, not long be-  
 fore Hen. Percy 8th E. of Northumberland was imprisoned  
 on suspicion of plotting with F. Throckmorton, Tho. Lord  
 Paget, and the Guises, for invading England, and libera-  
 ting the Q. of Scots, &c. (See Collins's Peerage, 1779,  
 II. 405.)—The original is written in long lines or alexan-  
 drines, each of which is here, on account of the narrowness of  
 the page, subdivided into two; but her majesty's orthogra-  
 phy, or at least that of her copyist, is exactly followed.

In the first edition of Harrington's *NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ*,  
 1st. Vol. 1769, 12mo. p. 58, is a copy of this poem, with  
 great variations, the best of which are noted below. It  
 is there accompanied with a very curious letter, in which  
 this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own enditing . . .  
 "My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties  
 "tablet, and had much bazard in so doing; for the Queen  
 "did find out the thief, and chid for spreading evil  
 "bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did  
 "so occupy her employment at this time; and was fearful of  
 "being thought too lightly of for so doing." \*\*\*

THE doubt of future foes,  
 Exiles my present ioy,  
 And wit me warnes to shun such snares  
 As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, 5  
 And subiect faith doth ebbe,  
 Which would not be, if reason rul'd  
 Or wisdome weu'd the webbe.

V. 1. dread. Harrington's Ed. V. 6. subjects. Har. V. 7. should.  
 Har. V. 8. wove. Har.



But cloudes of tois vntried,  
 Do cloake aspiring mindes,  
 Which turne to raine of late repent,  
 By course of changed windes. 10

The toppe of hope supposed,  
 The roote of ruthe wil be,  
 And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,  
 As shortly ye shall see. 15

Then dazeld eyes with pride,  
 Which great ambition blinds,  
 Shalbe vnseeld by worthy wights,  
 Whose foresight falshood finds. 20

The daughter of debate \*,  
 That eke discord doth sowe,  
 Shal reap no gaine where former rule  
 Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight  
 Shall ancre in this port,  
 Our realme it brookes no strangers force,  
 Let them elsewhere resort. 25

Our rusty sworde with rest,  
 Shall first his edge employ,  
 To polle their toppes, that seeke such change,  
 And gape for 'such like' ioy. 30

*V. 9. joys. Har. V. 11. raigne. Puttenham.. \* Scil. the Queen  
 of Scots. V. 22. That discorde aye. Har. V. 23. formor. Put.  
 V. 27. realme brookes no seditious Seets, Har. V. 32. such like  
 is supplied from Harington's Ed. in which are other Variations, that  
 seem meer mistakes of the transcriber, or printer.*

††† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 197.) "which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of "fortune."

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,  
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obey.

*The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.*

XV.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

*This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 97 to have been written during the regency or at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581; when James was in his 15th year.*

*The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is intitled, "A new Ballad, describing the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the end is subjoined the name of the author W. ELDERTON. "Im-*

*"Imprinted at London for Yvathé James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black-letter, folio.*

This **ELDERTON**, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,  
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

*Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;  
Dead as he is he still is dry:  
So of him it may well be said,  
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.*

*See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.]—Biogr. Brit. [DRAYTON, by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exaltation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.*

‘**O**UT alas!’ what a griefe is this  
That princes subiects cannot be true,  
But still the devill hath some of his,  
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;  
Forgetting what a grievous thing  
It is to offend the anointed king?

5

Alas for woe, why should it be so,  
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,  
 As proper a youth as neede to be, 10  
 Well given to every happy thing,  
 That can be in a kinge to see:  
 Yet that unluckie country still,  
 Hath people given to craftie will.  
 Alas for woe, &c. 15

On Whitfun eve it so befell,  
 A posset was made to give the king,  
 Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,  
 And that it was a poysoned thing:  
 She cryed, and called piteouslie; 20  
 Now help, or els the king shall die!  
 Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,  
 And hard the ladies piteous crye,  
 Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than, 25  
 Out of the doores in haste to flie;  
 But all the doores were made so fast,  
 Out of a window he got at last.  
 Alas for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast, 30  
 Having the posset in his hande:  
 The sight of Browne made him aghast,  
 Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.

With him were two that ranne awa,  
 For feare that Browne would make a fray. 35  
 Alas for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?  
 Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;  
 But a posset to make the king good cheere.  
 Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see, 40  
 First I will have thyself begin,  
 Before thou go any further in;  
 Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,  
 This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know, 45  
 Thou art a young man poore and bare;  
 Livings on thee I will bestowe:  
 Let me go on, take thou no care.  
 No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be  
 A traitour for all Christiantie: 50  
 Happe well or woe, it shall be so,  
 Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by  
 His belly burst and he fell downe:  
 A just rewarde for his traitery. 55  
 This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown!  
 He ferched the bishop, and found the keyes,  
 To come to the king when he did please.  
 Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this, 60

He humbly fell uppon his knee,  
And prayesd God that he did misse

To tast of that extremity:  
For that he did perceiue and know,  
His clergie would betray him so: 65

Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,

My father, and grandfather flaine:  
My mother banished, O extreame!

Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne! 70  
And now like treason wrought for me,  
What more unhappie realme can be!

Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,  
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere; 75

And trustie Browne too in like case,

He knighted him with gallant geere;  
And gave him 'lands and livings great,

For dooing such a manly feat,  
As he did showe, to the bishop's woe, 80

Which made, &c.

*V. 67. His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.*

When all this treason done and past,

Tooke not effect of traytery;

Another treason at the last,

They fought against his majestie: 85

How they might make their kinge away,

By a privie banquet on a daye.

Alas for woe, &c.

' Another time' to sell the king

Beyonde the seas they had decreede: 90

Three noble Earles heard of this thing,

And did prevent the same with speede.

For a letter came, with such a charme,

That they should doo their king no harme:

For further woe, if they did soe, 95

Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,

Take heede you do not offend the king;

But shew yourselves like honest men

Obediently in every thing: 100

For his godmother \* will not see

Her noble childe misus'd to be

With any woe; for if it be so,

She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true, 105

In England, Scotland, every where:

\* *Q. Elizabeth.*



That no such daunger may ensue,  
 To put the prince or stat: in feare :  
 That God the highest king may see  
 Obedience as it ought to be, 110  
 In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so  
 To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*In December 1501, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1542, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.*

*The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half*

*expiring, said, "You hae spilt a better face than your arwin." Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.*

*K. James, who took no care to punish the murtherers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his Queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Auth. vol. I. p. 42.*

**Y**E highlands, and ye lawlands,  
     Oh! quhair hae ye been?  
 They hae flaine the Earl of Murray,  
     And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!  
     And quhairfore did you fae!  
 I bade you bring him wi' you,  
     But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,  
     And he rid at the ring;  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
     Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,  
     And he playd at the ba';  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray  
     Was the flower among them a'.

He

He was a brow gallant,  
 And he playd at the gluve ;  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 Oh ! he was the Queenes luvē.

20

Oh ! lang will his lady  
 Luke owre the castle downe \*,  
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
 Cum sounding throw the towne.

\* Castle downe here has been thought to mean the CASTLE OF DOWNE, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

# XVIII. YOUNG WATERS.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Q. Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the BONNY EARL OF MURRAY; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the Reader judge for himself.*

*The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates library at Edinburgh.*

*"The seventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrisfel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him*

“ Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and  
 “ publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the  
 “ instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King’s  
 “ jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene more rashely than  
 “ wisely, some few days before had commendit in the King’s  
 “ bearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant  
 “ man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a pro-  
 “ clamatione of the Kings, the 1<sup>o</sup> of Marche following;  
 “ inhibiteine the zounge Earle of Murray to persue the Earle  
 “ of Huntley, for his father’s slaughter, in respect he  
 “ being wardeit [imprisoned] in the castell of Blacknesse  
 “ for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall,  
 “ averring that he had done nothing but by the King’s  
 “ majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part in  
 “ the murther \*.”

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed  
 not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world  
 was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume,  
 sister to the Earle of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

**A** BOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,  
 And the round tables began,  
 A’! there is cum to our kings court  
 Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, 5  
 Beheld baith dale and down,  
 And then she saw zounge Waters  
 Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,  
 His horsemen rade behind, 10  
 Ane mantel of the burning gowd  
 Did keip him frae the wind.

\* This extract is copied from the Critical Review.

Gowden

Gowden graith'd his horse before  
 And filler shod behind,  
 The horse zong Waters rade upon 15  
 Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,  
 Unto the queen said he,  
 O tell me qhua's the fairest face  
 Rides in the company. 20

I've fene lord, and I've fene laird,  
 And knights of high degree;  
 Bot a fairer face than zoung Waters  
 Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king, 25  
 (And an angry man was he)  
 O, if he had been twice as fair,  
 Zou might have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,  
 Bot the king that wears the crown; 30  
 Theris not a knight in fair Scotland  
 Bot to thee maun bow down,

For a' that she could do or say,  
 Appeasd he wad nae bee;  
 Bot for the words which she had said 35  
 Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They

They hae taen zOUNg Waters, and  
 Put fetters to his feet ;  
 They hae taen zOUNg Waters, and  
 Thrown him in dungeon deep.      40

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town  
 In the wind both and the weit ;  
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town  
 Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town      45  
 In the wind both and the rain ;  
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town  
 Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill \*  
 His zOUNg fon in his craddle,      50  
 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,  
 His horse both and his faddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
 His lady fair to see.  
 And for the words the Queen had spoke,      55  
 ZOUNg Waters he did dee.

\* Heiding-hill; i. e. beading [beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial billock.

XIX.

MARY AMBREE.

*In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English GAUNT,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epicæne, first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 1, sc. . . And his masque intitled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,*

—MARY AMBREE,  
*(Who marched so free  
 To the siege of Gaunt,  
 And death could not daunt,  
 As the ballad doth vaunt)  
 Were a braver wight, &c.*

*She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5, sub finem.*

—“My large gentlewoman, my MARY AMBREE,  
 “had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-  
 “fellow.”—

*It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in Hudibras (P. 1, c. 3, v. 365.), by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans.*

A bold virago stout and tall  
 As Jean of France, or English Mall.

*This*



*This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. and by conjecture. The full title is, "The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie las Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."*

**W**HEN captaines couragious, whom death cold  
not daunte,

Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,  
They mustred their fouldiers by two and by three,  
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major \* was slaine in her fight, 5  
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,  
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,  
Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe  
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe; 10  
A faire shirt of male † then slipped on shee;  
Was not this a brave bonny las, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shee strait did provide,  
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,  
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee; 15  
Was not this a brave bonny las, Mary Ambree?

\* So MS. Serjeant Major in PC.

† A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the sloaths. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as "armed in a long Shirt of Mayl." (*View of the State of Ireland.*)

Then

Then tooke ſhee her ſworde and her targett in hand,  
 Bidding all ſuch, as wold, bee of her band;  
 To wayte on her perſon came thouſand and three:  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſs, Mary Ambree? 20

My ſoldiers, ſhe faith, ſoe valiant and bold,  
 Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;  
 Still formoſt in battel myſelfe will I bee:  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her ſouldiers, and loude they did ſay, 25  
 Soe well thou becom'eſt this gallant array,  
 Thy harte and thy weapons ſoe well do agree,  
 There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her ſouldiers, that foughten for life,  
 With ancyent and ſtandard, with drum and with ſife, 30  
 With brave clanging trumpetts, that ſounded ſo free;  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Before I will ſee the worſt of you all  
 To come into danger of death, or of thrall,  
 This hand and this life I will venture ſo free: 35  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her ſouldiers in battaile array,  
 Gainſt three times theyr number by breake of the daye;  
 Seven howers in ſkirmiſh continued ſhee:  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree? 40

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,  
 And her enemies bodyes with bullets soe hott;  
 For one of her owne men a score killed shee:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,      45  
 Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
 Straight with her keen weapon shee flisht him in three:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,  
 At length she was forced to make a retyre;      50  
 Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,  
 As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;  
 To beate down the walles they all did decree:      55  
 But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,  
 And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,  
 There daring their captaines to match any three:  
 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!      60

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give  
 To ransom thy selfe, which else must not live?  
 Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.  
 Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold, 65  
 Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?  
 A knight, sir, of England, and captaine foe free,  
 Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight  
 Two brefts in my bosome, and therefore no knight: 70  
 Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,  
 But a poor simple lasse, called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
 Whose valor hath provd so undaunted in warre?  
 If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee, 75  
 Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,  
 Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;  
 Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,  
 And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,  
 He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:  
 A mayden of England, sir, never will bee  
 The whore of, a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne, 85  
 Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:  
 Therefore English captaines of every degree  
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

## XX.

## BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY.

*Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicestier, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.*

*"My lord Willoughbbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . . he was a great master of the art military . . . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentiful portion of her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the REPTILIA; intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court." (Naunton)*

*Lord Willoughbbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.*

*The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations,) may possibly receive illustration from what CHAPMAN says in the Dedicat. to his version of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.*

THE

**T**HE fifteenth day of July,  
 With glistering spear and shield,  
 A famous fight in Flanders  
 Was foughten in the field :  
 The most couragious officers  
 Were English captains three ;  
 But the bravest man in battel  
 Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

5

The next was captain Norris,  
 A valiant man was hee :  
 The other captain Turner,  
 From field would never flee.  
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,  
 Alas ! there were no more,  
 They fought with fourteen thousand then,  
 Upon the bloody shore.

10

15

Stand to it noble pikemen,  
 And look you round about :  
 And shoot yot right you bow-men,  
 And we will keep them out :  
 You musquet and calliver men,  
 Do you prove true to me,  
 I'le be the formost man in fight,  
 Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

20

And then the bloody enemy  
They fiercely did assail, 25  
And fought it out most furiously,  
Not doubting to prevail;  
The wounded men on both sides fell  
Most pitious for to see, 30  
Yet nothing could the courage quell  
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all mens view  
This fight endured fore,  
Until our men so feeble grew 35  
That they could fight no more;  
And then upon dead horses  
Full favourly they eat,  
And drank the puddle water,  
They could no better get. 40

When they had fed so freely,  
They kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutly  
For the favour they had found;  
And beating up their colours, 45  
The fight they did renew,  
And turning tow'ards the Spaniard,  
A thousand more they flew.



The sharp steel-pointed arrows,  
 And bullets thick did fly; 50  
 Then did our valiant soldiers  
 Charge on most furiously;  
 Which made the Spaniards waver,  
 They thought it best to flee,  
 They fear'd the stout behaviour 55  
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,  
 Come let us march away,  
 I fear we shall be spoiled all  
 If here we longer stay; 60  
 For yonder comes lord Willoughbey  
 With courage fierce and fell,  
 He will not give one inch of way  
 For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy 65  
 Was quickly put to flight,  
 Our men persued couragiously,  
 And caught their forces quite;  
 But at last they gave a shout,  
 Which ecchoed through the sky, 70  
 God, and St. George for England!  
 The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England  
 With all the speed might be,  
 And soon our gracious queen was told      75  
 Of this fame victory.

O this is brave lord Willoughbey,  
 My love that ever won,  
 Of all the lords of honour  
 'Tis he great deeds hath done.      80

To the fouldiers that were maimed,  
 And wounded in the fray,  
 The queen allowed a pension  
 Of fifteen pence a day;  
 And from all costs and charges      85  
 She quit and set them free:  
 And this she did all for the sake  
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,  
 And never be dismaid;      90  
 If that we be but one to ten,  
 We will not be afraid  
 To fight with foraign enemies,  
 And set our nation free.  
 And thus I end the bloody bout      95  
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

## XXI.

## VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

*This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, tho' the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26, 1653. London printed 1653," 4to.*

Victorious men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are;  
Though you binde in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far  
As night or day;  
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
Each able to undo mankind,  
Death's servile emissaries are :  
Nor to these alone confin'd,  
                        He hath at will  
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill ;  
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

## XXII.

## THE WINNING OF CALES.

*The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the earl of Essex general.*

*The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed it a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.*

*The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:*

*A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,  
And a laird of the North country;  
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent  
Will buy them out all three.*

*The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person,*

*person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.*

**L**ONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,

Threatning our country with fyre and sword;  
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous  
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.  
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums; 5  
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,  
With knights couragious and captains full good;  
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,  
With him prepared to pass the salt flood. 10  
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,  
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,  
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore their  
head,  
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle, 15  
Dub a dub, &c.

Upto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,  
Where the kinges navy securelye did ryde;  
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,  
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde. 20  
Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,  
 Which at that season was made in that place;  
 The beacons were fyred, as need then required;  
 To hyde their great treasure they had little space. 25  
 Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,  
 And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;  
 There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,  
 When they saw no shift to scape thence away. 30  
 Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,  
 Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;  
 But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,  
 Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35  
 Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,  
 With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town;  
 The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,  
 Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down. 40  
 Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,  
 Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;  
 And be well rewarded all from the great to the small;  
 But looke that the women and children you save. 45  
 Dub a dub, &c.

The

The Spaniards at that fight, thinking it vain to fight,  
 Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne;  
 Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,  
 With English colours which purchas'd renowne. 50  
 Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,  
 For gold and treasure we seached eche day;  
 In some places we did find, pyes baking left behind,  
 Meate at fire roasting, and folkes run away. 55  
 Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,  
 Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre; [swords;  
 Which soldiers meàsur'd out by the length of their  
 Of all commodities eche had a share. 60  
 Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general  
 March'd to the market-place, where he did stand:  
 There many prisoners fell to our several shares,  
 Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd. 65  
 Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,  
 And would not ransome their towne as they said,  
 With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedstedes,  
 Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made; 70  
 And when the town burned all in a flame,  
 With tara, tantara, away wee all came.



## XXIII.

## THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

*This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad*

*It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family*

*Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad; who married Margaret daughter of Charles Earl of Nottingham; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of 2. Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.*

*It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.*

**W**ILL you hear a Spanish lady,  
 How she wooed an English man?  
 Garments gay as rich as may be  
 Decked with jewels she had on.  
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
 And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
 In his hands her life did lye;  
 Cupid's bands did tye them faster  
 By the liking of an eye. 10

In his courteous company was all her joy,  
 To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
 For to set the ladies free,  
 With their jewels still adorned, 15  
 None to do them injury.  
 Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me;  
 O let me still sustaine this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity  
 To a ladye in distresse; 20  
 Leave me not within this city,  
 For to dye in heavinesse:  
 Thou hast set this present day my body free,  
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, 25  
 Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?  
 Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:  
 Serpents lie where flowers grow."  
 All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,  
 God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed



" I have neither gold nor silver 55  
 To maintain thee in this case,  
 And to travel is great charges,  
 As you know in every place."  
 My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own, 59  
 And eke five hundred \* pounds in gold that lies unknown.

" On the seas are many dangers,  
 Many storms do there arise,  
 Which wil be to ladies dreadful,  
 And force tears from watery eyes."  
 Well in troth I shall endure extremity, 65  
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

" Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,  
 Here comes all that breeds the strife;  
 I in England have already  
 A sweet woman to my wife: 70  
 I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,  
 Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman  
 That enjoys so true a friend!  
 Many happy days God send her; 75  
 Of my suit I make an end:  
 On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
 Which did from love and true affection first commence.

\* So the MS. 10,000*l.* PC.

V. 65. Well in worth. MS.



“ in the ensuing episode [of *Argentile and Curan*]. A tale  
 “ full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely  
 “ affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style;  
 “ and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met  
 “ with.” [Muses library, 1738. 8vo.] To his merit  
 nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness  
 in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his  
 pastoral images.

WARNER is said, by A. Wood\*, to have been a War-  
 wickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at  
 Magdalene-hall: as also in the latter part of his life to  
 have been retained in the service of Henry Cary Lord  
 Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that  
 may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and  
 the time and manner of his death are now ascertained, by  
 the following extract from the parish register book of Amwell,  
 in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the  
 Editor by Mr. HOOLE, the very ingenious translator of  
 Tasso, &c.

[1608—1609.] “ Master William Warner, a man of  
 “ good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profes-  
 “ sion an Atturneye of the Common Pleas; author of  
 “ Albions England, dyng suddenly in the night in his  
 “ bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse,  
 “ on thursday night beeing the 9th daye of March;  
 “ was buried the saturday following, and lyeth in the  
 “ church at the corner under the stone of Walter  
 “ Pfader.” Signed Tho. Hassall Vicarius.

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contem-  
 poraries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them  
 the *Homer and Virgil* of their age†. But Warner rather  
 resembled OVID, whose *Metamorphosis* he seems to have  
 taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from  
 the deluge down to the æra of Elizabeth, full of lively  
 digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is some-  
 times harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most

\* *Atben. Oxon.*

† *Ibid.*

*charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:*

With that she dasht her on the lippes

So dyed double red:

Hard was the heart that gave the blow,

Soft were those lippes that bled.

*The edition of ALBION'S ENGLAND here followed was printed in 4to, 1602; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now "revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of ARGENTILE AND CURAN is I believe the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princeesse "Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king "of Northumberland, &c. by WILLIAM WEBSTER, London 1617," in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, "of the two young "Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 1727, 3 vols. 12mo.*

*Tho' here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of 14 syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.*

THE Bruton's 'being' departed hence  
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,  
Where diversly in divers broyles  
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King



# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 241

King Edel and king Adelbriht 5  
 In Diria jointly raigne;  
 In loyal concorde during life  
 These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbriht should leave his life,  
 To Edel thus he sayes; 10  
 By those same bondes of happie love,  
 That held us friends alwaies;

By our by-parted crowne, of which  
 The moyetie is mine;  
 By God, to whom my soule must passe, 15  
 And so in time may thine;

I pray thee, nay I cõjure thee,  
 To nourish, as thine owne,  
 Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,  
 Till she to age be growne; 20  
 And then, as thou receivest it,  
 Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,  
 The testatòr he dies;  
 But all that Edel undertooke, 25  
 He afterwards denies.

Yet well he 'fosters for' a time  
 The damsell that was growne

The fairest lady under heaven ;  
 Whose beautie being knowne, 30

A many princes seeke her love ;  
 But none might her obtaine ;  
 For grippell Edel to himselfe  
 Her kingdome fought to gaine ;  
 And for that cause from fight of such 35  
 He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto  
 A prince in Danske, did see  
 The maid, with whom he fell in love,  
 As much as man might bee. 40

Unhappie youth, what should he doe ?  
 His faint was kept in mewe ;  
 Nor he, nor any noble-man  
 Admitted to her vewe.

Cne while in melancholy fits 45  
 He pines himselfe awaye ;  
 Anon he thought by force of arms  
 To win her if he maye :

And still against the kings restraint  
 Did secretly invay. 50  
 At length the high controller Love,  
 Whom none may disobay,

Inbasfed

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 243

Imbas'd him from lordlines  
 Into a kitchen drudge,  
 That so at least of life or death 55  
 She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,  
 He did his love bewray,  
 And tells his birth: her answer was,  
 She husbuckles would stay. 60

Meane while the king did beate his braines,  
 His booty to atchieve,  
 Nor caring what became of her,  
 So he by her might thrive;  
 At last his resolution was 65  
 Some peasant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)  
 He did observe with joye  
 How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,  
 Sapt many an amorous toye \*. 70

The king, perceiving such his veine,  
 Promotes his vassal still,  
 Lest that the basenesse of the man  
 Should lett, perhaps, his will.

\* The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan;" i. e. escaped from him, being off his guard.

Affured therefore of his love, 75  
 But not suspecting who  
 The lover was, the king himselfe  
 In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love,  
 Unkindly takes that he 80  
 Should barre the noble, and unto  
 So base a match agree:

And therefore shifting out of doores,  
 Departed thence by stealth;  
 Preferring povertie before 85  
 A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,  
 The anguish in his hart  
 Was more than much, and after her  
 From court he did depart; 90

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,  
 His country, friends, and all,  
 And only minding (whom he mist)  
 The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent 95  
 Or court, or stately townes,  
 But solitarily to live  
 Amongst the country grownes.

A brace

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 245

A brace of years he lived thus,  
 Well pleased so to live, 100  
 And shepherd-like to feed a flocke  
 Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,  
 Grew almost to the waine :  
 But then began a second love, 105  
 The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,  
 Where Curan kept his sheepe,  
 Did feed her drove : and now on her  
 Was all the shepherds keepe. 110

He borrowed on the working daies  
 His holy ruffets oft,  
 And of the bacon's fat, to make  
 His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend, 115  
 He left it at the folde :  
 Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,  
 As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,  
 And cheese as white as snow, 120  
 And wildings, or the seasons fruit  
 He did in scrip bestow.

*Ver. 112. i. e. holy-day Ruffets.*

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,  
And sheep-hooke lay him by,  
On hollow quilles of oten straw  
He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his saint,  
He wip'd his greasie shooes,  
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,  
And thus the shepheard woos.

“ I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheefe,  
 “ As good as tooth may chawe,  
 “ And bread and wildings fouling well,  
 (And therewithall did drawe

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see 135  
 " Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,  
 " Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,  
 " If I might tup with thee.

" Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,  
 " Too elvish and too coy : 140  
 " Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,  
 " That such a flocke enjoy ?

" I wis I am not : yet that thou  
 " Doeſt hold me in diſdaine  
 " Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe 145  
 " To all that keepe this plaine.

Ver. 135. Eating. PCC.

" There

“ There be as quaint (at least that thinke  
 “ Themselves as quaint) that crave  
 “ The match, that thou, I wot not why,  
 “ Maist, but mislik’st to have. 150

“ How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,  
 “ Thou art a female) I,  
 “ Her know not here that willingly  
 “ With maiden-head would die.

“ The plowmans labour hath no end, 155  
 “ And he a churle will prove :  
 “ The craftsman hath more worke in hand  
 “ Then fitteth unto love :

“ The merchant, traffiquing abroad,  
 “ Suspects his wife at home : 160  
 “ A youth will play the wanton ; and  
 “ An old man prove a mome.

“ Then chuse a shepheard : with the sun  
 “ He doth his flocke unfold,  
 “ And all the day on hill or plaine 165  
 “ He merrie chat can hold ;

“ And with the sun doth folde againe ;  
 “ Then jogging home betime,  
 “ He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,  
 “ Or sings some merry ryme. 170

*V. 153. Her know I not her that. 1602.*

*V. 169. i. e. roasts a crab, or apple.*



“ Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round

“ The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;

“ And sitteth fingering care away,

“ Till he to bed be got :

“ Theare sleepest he foundly all the night, 175

“ Forgetting morrow-cares :

“ Nor feares he blasting of his corne,

“ Nor uttering of his wares ;

“ Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,

“ Or cracke of credit lost : 180

“ Not spending franklier than his flocke

“ Shall still defray the cost.

“ Well wot I, sooth they say, that say

“ More quiet nights and daies

“ The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he 185

“ Whose cattel he doth graize.

“ Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but

“ A man, and so am I :

“ Content is worth a monarchie,

“ And mischiefs hit the hie ; 190

“ As late it did a king and his

“ Not dwelling far from hence,

*Ver. 171. to tell, whilst round the bole doth trot. Ed. 1597.*

“ Who

“ Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,  
 “ For fair a matchless wench.”——  
 Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195  
 Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,  
 Did egge him on to tell  
 How faire she was, and who she was.  
 “ She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

“ For beautie; though I clownish am,  
 “ I know what beautie is;  
 “ Or did I not, at seeing thee,  
 “ I fenceles were to mis.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“ Her stature comely, tall; her gate 205  
 “ Well graced; and her wit  
 “ To marvell at, not meddle with,  
 “ As matchless I omit.

“ A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,  
 “ A forehead smooth, and hie, 210  
 “ An even nose; on either side  
 “ Did shine a grayish eie:

“ Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,  
 “ White just-set teeth within;  
 “ A mouth in meane; and underneathe 215  
 “ A round and dimpled chin.

“ Her

“ Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,  
 “ Stood bolt upright upon

“ Her portly shoulders : beating balles

“ Her veined breasts, anon

220

“ Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was

“ Her middle falling still,

“ And rising whereas women rise : \* \* \*

“ — Imagine nothing ill.

“ And more, her long, and limber armes

225

“ Had white and azure wrists;

“ And slender fingers aunswere to

“ Her smooth and lillie fists.

“ A legge in print, a pretie foot ;

“ Conjecture of the rest :

230

“ For amorous eies, observing forme,

“ Think parts obscured best.

“ With these, O raretie ! with these

“ Her tong of speech was spare ;

“ But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,

235

“ The balle from Ide to bear.

“ With Phœbe, Juno, and with both

“ Herselfe contends in face ;

“ Wheare equall mixture did not want

“ Of milde and stately grace.

240

“ Her

" Her smiles were sober, and her looks

" Were chearefull unto all:

" Even such as neither wanton seeme,

" Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

" A quiet minde, a patient moode,

245

" And not disdaining any;

" Not gybing, gadding, gawdy: and

" Sweete faculties had many.

" A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,

" Might praise, might wish, might see; 250

" For life, for love, for forme; more good,

" More worth, more faire than shee.

" Yea such an one, as such was none,

" Save only she was such:

" Of Argentile to say the most,

255

" Were to be silent much."

I knew the lady very well,

But worthles of such praise,

The neatresse said: and muse I do,

A shepheard thus should blaze

260

The 'coate' of beautie\*. Credit me,

Thy latter speech bewraies

\* *i. e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597. 1602. 1612. read Coote.*

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.

But wherefore dost thou weepe?

The shepheard wept, and she was woe,

265

And both doe silence keepe.

“ In troth, quoth he, I am not such,

“ As seeming I professe :

“ But then for her, and now for thee,

“ I from myselfe digresse.

270

“ Her loved I (wretch that I am

“ A recreant to be)

“ I loved her, that hated love,

“ But now I die for thee.

“ At Kirkland is my fathers court,

275

“ And Curan is my name,

“ In Edels court sometimes in pompe,

“ Till love countrould the same :

“ But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?

“ What ailest thou to weepe ?”

280

The damfell wept, and he was woe,

And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much

That you did love so much :

But whom your former could not move,

285

Your second love doth touch.

Thy

Thy twice-beloved Argentile  
 Submitteth her to thee,  
 And for thy double love presents  
 Herself a single fee, 290  
 In passion not in person chang'd,  
 And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,  
 And silent for a space,  
 When as the extasie had end, 295  
 Did tenderly imbrace;  
 And for their wedding, and their wish  
 Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then  
 Was named so this land) 300  
 Then Curan had an hardier knight;  
 His force could none withstand:  
 Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then  
 Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime 305  
 In Argentile her right,  
 He wart'd in Doria \*, and he wonne  
 Bernicia \* too in fight:

And so from trecherous Edel tooke  
 At once his life and crowne, 310  
 And of Northumberland was king,  
 Long raigning in renowne.

\* \* See the note at the end.

\* \* *During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of 6 northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.*

## XXV.

## C O R I N' s F A T E.

*Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.*

CORIN, most unhappie swaine,  
 Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?  
 Little foode is on the plaine;  
 Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;      5  
 Forests tangled are with brakes;  
 Meadowes subject are to floodes;  
 Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet



A N C I E N T P O E M S. 255

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,  
 Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10  
 Hunger will as surely kill :  
 How may then reliefe be found ?

Such is haples Corins fate :  
 Since my waywarde love begunne,  
 Equall doubts begett debate 15  
 What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed ;  
 Yet to speke will move disdaine :  
 If I see her not I bleed,  
 Yet her sight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe ?  
 Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell ;  
 For to linger thus in woe  
 Is the lover's sharpest hell.

\* \*  
 \* \*

## XXVI.

## J A N E S H O R E.

*Though so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas MORE's history of Rich. III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.*

“ Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for cove-  
 “ tise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for  
 “ her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that  
 “ ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks)  
 “ and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide  
 “ unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch  
 “ him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein  
 “ to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fas-  
 “ ten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge  
 “ the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist  
 “ was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here  
 “ it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught  
 “ of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent  
 “ prince, clene and faultless of himself, sent oute of heaven into  
 “ this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he  
 “ caused the bishop of London to put her to open pennance, go-  
 “ ing before the crosse in proceSSION upon a sonday with a taper  
 “ in

" in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace  
 " demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array  
 " save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, name-  
 " lye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in  
 " her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her  
 " great shame wan her much praise among those that were  
 " more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And  
 " many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer  
 " to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then re-  
 " joiced therin, when thei consired that the protector pro-  
 " cured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.  
 " This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended,  
 " honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving some-  
 " what to soene; her husbände an honest citizen, yonge, and  
 " goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they  
 " were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently  
 " loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely  
 " the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the  
 " king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect  
 " of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and  
 " other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender  
 " heart. But when the king had abused her, anen her  
 " husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his  
 " good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her  
 " up to him al together. When the king died, the lord  
 " chamberlen [Hastings] toke her \*: which in the kinges.  
 " daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare  
 " her,

\* After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's *Fœdera* is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, Oct. 22, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late marquis of Dorset," who, "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnablely debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and LIVED IN ACTUAL ADULTERY WITH THE WIFE OF SHORE." Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a bundle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fœd. tom. xij. pag. 204.

“ her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness.

“ Proper she was, and faire : nothing in her body that you  
 “ wold have changed, but if you wold have wished her  
 “ somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her  
 “ youthe. Albeit some that NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE  
 “ LIVETH) deme her never to have bene wel visaged.  
 “ Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men  
 “ should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her  
 “ scalpe taken out of the charnel house; for now is she old,  
 “ lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but rywilde skin,  
 “ and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel ad-  
 “ vise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how  
 “ filled, wold make it a fair face.

“ Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her plea-  
 “ sant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both  
 “ rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of  
 “ aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting  
 “ without displeasure, and not without disport. The king  
 “ wold say, That he had three concubines, which in three  
 “ divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, an-  
 “ other the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme,  
 “ as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to  
 “ any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer  
 “ somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite  
 “ content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those pro-  
 “ perties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the  
 “ king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had,  
 “ but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for  
 “ sinne it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any  
 “ mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where  
 “ the king toke displeasure, she wold mitigate and appease  
 “ his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring  
 “ them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended,  
 “ shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men  
 “ remission: and finally in many weighry sutes she stode many  
 “ men in gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes,  
 “ and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was

“ con-

"content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteeme her only by that thei NOW SEE HER. But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is NOW in the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to speede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be mucche lesse remembred because thei were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and who so doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste\*. Which is not worst proved by her; for AT THIS DAYE shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene." See More's workes, folio, bl. let. 1557, pp. 56, 57.

DRAYTON has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I have seene of hers was such as she rose out

\* These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection in *Hen. viij. Act 4, sc. 11.*

"Men's evill manners live in brass: their virtues

"We write in water."

Shakesp. in his play of *Rich. III.* follows More's *Hist.* of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

“ of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich  
 “ mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting  
 “ on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her  
 “ father’s name was, or where she was borne, is not cer-  
 “ tainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right goodly  
 “ person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after  
 “ the king had made her his concubine. Richard III.  
 “ causing her to do open penance in Paul’s church-yard,  
 “ COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD RELIEVE HER,  
 “ which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne,  
 “ but that by making his brother’s life odious, he might  
 “ cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.” See  
*England’s Heroical Epistles*, by Mich. Drayton, Esq; Lond.  
 1637, 12mo.

An original Picture of JANE SHORE almost naked is pre-  
 served in the Provost’s Lodgings at Eton; and another pic-  
 ture of her is in the Provost’s Lodge at King’s College Cam-  
 bridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have  
 done friendly offices with EDWARD IV. A small quarto  
 Mezzotinto Print was taken from the former of these by  
 J. FABER.

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections)  
 from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full  
 title is, “ The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a gold-  
 “ smith’s wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his  
 “ concubine. To the tune of LIVE WITH ME, &c.” [See  
 the first volume.] To every stanza is annexed the following  
 burthen:

Then maids and wives in time amend,  
 For love and beauty will have end.

I F Rosamonde that was so faire,  
 Had cause her sorrowes to declare,  
 Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,  
 That was beloved of a king.

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 261

In maiden yeares my beautye bright 5  
Was loved dear of lord and knight;  
But yet the love that they requir'd,  
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine, 10  
A husband for me did obtaine;  
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,  
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,  
Till lust brought ruine to my life;  
And then my life I lewdlye spent, 15  
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,  
As London yet can witness welle;  
Where many gallants did beholde  
My beautye in a shop of golde. 20

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,  
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,  
Because chaste love I did not finde  
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring 25  
Into the eares of Englandes king,  
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,  
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistres Blague, a neighbour neare,  
Whose friendship I esteemed deare, 30  
Did saye, It was a gallant thing  
To be beloved of a king.

By her perswasions I was led,  
For to defile my marriage-bed,  
And wronge my wedded husband Shore, 35  
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,  
That I had made so sweet a choice ;  
And therefore did my state resigne,  
To be king Edward's concubine. 40

From city then to court I went,  
To reape the pleasures of content ;  
There had the joyes that love could bring,  
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe 45  
Commanding Edward with mine eye,  
For Mrs. Blague I in short space  
Obtaine a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time  
I made unto a promotion climbe ; 50  
But yet for all this coslye pride,  
My husbände could not mee abide.

His



His bed, though wronged by a king,  
 His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;  
 From England then he goes away 55  
 To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name  
 Impaired by my wanton shame;  
 Although a prince of peerlesse might  
 Did reape the pleasure of his right. 60

Long time I lived in the courte,  
 With lords and ladies of great forte;  
 And when I smil'd all men were glad,  
 But when I frown'd my prince grewe fad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore 65  
 To helplesse people, that were poore;  
 I still redrest the orphans crye,  
 And fav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,  
 I succour'd babes of tender yeares; 70  
 And never look'd for other gaine  
 But love and thanks for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,  
 And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;  
 When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 75  
 King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,  
That I so long had lived in;  
Yea, every one that was his friend,  
This tyrant brought to shamefull end. 80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,  
That made a strumpet of a wife,  
I penance did in Lombard-street,  
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe, 85  
Who late in court my credit knewe;  
Which made the teares run down my face,  
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee  
My goodes, my livings, and my fee, 90  
And charg'd that none should me relieve,  
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,  
To whom my jewels I had sent,  
In hope thereby to ease my want, 95  
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same  
When in my need for them I came;  
'To recompence my former love,  
Out of her doores shee did me shove. 100  
So

So love did vanish with my state,  
Which now my soul repents too late;  
Therefore example take by mee,  
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105  
Whom I before had seen distrest,  
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,  
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed 110  
That he was hanged for that deed;  
His death did grieve me so much more,  
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,  
Durst not afford mee any food;  
Whereby I begged all the day, 115  
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,  
Were turn'd to simple garments old;  
My chains and gems and golden rings,  
To filthy rags and loathsome things. 120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,  
For leading such a wicked life;  
Both sucking babes and children small,  
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could

I could not get one bit of bread, 125  
 Whereby my hunger might be fed:  
 Nor drink, but such as channels yield,  
 Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at length  
 I yielded up my vital strength 130  
 Within a ditch, of loathsome scent,  
 Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,  
 Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye \*;  
 Which is a witness of my sinne, 135  
 For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,  
 Be you assur'd that God is just;  
 Whoredome shall not escape his hand,  
 Nor pride unpunish'd in this land. 140

If God to me such shame did bring,  
 That yielded only to a king,  
 How shall they scape that daily run  
 To practise sin with every one?

\* But it had this name long before, being so called from its being a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stow.

You husbands, match not but for love, 145

Left some disliking after prove ;

Women, be warn'd when you are wives,

What plagues are due to sinful lives :

Then, maids and wives, in time amend,

For love and beauty will have end.

XXVII.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

*This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of princely delights."*

*The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader ; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine ærial Dirge in Shakespear's Tempest :*

- " Full fadom five thy father lies,
- " Of his bones are corall made ;
- " Those are pearles that were his eyes ;
- " Nothing of him, that doth fade,
- " But doth suffer a sea-change
- " Into something rich and strange :

" Sea-

*“ Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,  
 “ Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell.”*

*“ Burthen, Ding dong.”*

*I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above  
 air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.*

**M**Y Phillida, adieu love!  
 For evermore farewell!  
 Ay me! I've lost my true love,  
 And thus I ring her knell,  
     Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,                   5  
     My Phillida is dead!  
 I'll stick a branch of willow  
     At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida  
     Our bridal bed was made:                   10  
 But 'stead of filkes so gay,  
     She in her shroud is laid.  
     Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended  
     By maides in fair array,  
 Till the obsequies are ended,                   15  
     And she is wrapt in clay.  
     Ding, &c.

Her

Her herse it shall be carried  
 By youths, that do excell;  
 And when that she is buried,  
 I thus will ring her knell,  
 Ding, &c. 20

A garland shall be framed  
 By art and natures skill,  
 Of fundry-colour'd flowers,  
 In token of good-will \*:  
 Ding, &c.

And fundry-colour'd ribbands 25  
 On it I will bestow;  
 But chiefly black and yellowe †:  
 With her to grave shall go.  
 Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,  
 The rarest ever seen, 30  
 And with my tears, as showers,  
 I'll keepe them fresh and green.  
 Ding, &c.

\* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

† See above, preface to No. XI, Book II. p. 178.

Instead of fairest colours,  
 Set forth with curious art \*,  
 Her image shall be painted 35  
 On my distressed heart.  
 Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven  
 Her epitaph so faire,  
 " Here lies the loveliest maiden,  
 " That e'er gave shepherd care." 40  
 Ding, &c.

In fable will I mourne ;  
 Blacke shall be all my weede ;  
 Ay me ! I am forlorne ,  
 Now Phillida is dead !  
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 45  
 My Phillida is dead !  
 I'll stick a branch of willow  
 At my fair Phillis' head.

\* This alludes to the painted effigies of Alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.





RELIQUES  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

*I shall begin this THIRD BOOK with an old allegoric Satire: A manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.*

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE,

WITHOUT RHYME,

IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

WE learn from Wormius (*a*), that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including RHYME, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples (*b*).

“ Meire og Minne  
Megu heimdaller.”

“ Gab Ginunga  
Enn Gras huerge.”

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of  
Gothic

(*a*) *Literatura Runica*. Hafniæ 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The ISLANDIC language is of the same origin as our ANGLO-SAXON, being both dialects of the ancient GOTHIC or TEUTONIC. Vid. Hickesii *Lixæfat*. in *Grammat. Anglo-Saxon, & Moeso-Goth*. 4to, 1689.

(*b*) Vid. Hickes *Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional*. Tom. I. p. 217.

Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-Saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters (c) :

“ *Skeop tha and Skyrede  
Skyppend ure.*”

“ *Ham and Heahsetl  
Heofena rikes.*”

I know not however that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

“ In a Somer Season, | when ‘hot (d) was the Sunne,

“ I Schope me into Sbroubs, | as I a Sbepe were;

“ In Habite as an Harmet | unHoly of werkes,

“ Went Wyde in thys world | Wonders to heare, &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals:

(c) Ibid.

(d) So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either ‘sof,’ as in MS. or ‘fet,’ as in PCC.

though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these *VISIONS OF PIERCE* [i.e. Peter] the *Plowman*, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx *PASSUS* or Breaks (*e*), exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcester-shire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley dwelling in Olye rentes in Holburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the seconde impression, though they contain evident variations in every page (*f*). The other is said to be newely imprynted after the authors olde copy . . . by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this aliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the *Visions* is subjoined a poem,

(*e*) The poem properly contains xxi parts: the word *PASSUS*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See vol. III. preface to ballad III. where *Passus* seems to signify *Pause*.

(*f*) That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, *nowe the seconde tyme imprynted by Roberte Crowle*; the other thus, *nowe the seconde time imprynted by Robert Crowley*. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered 39, 39, 41, 63, 43, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostentatiously affect to multiply editions.

which

which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled  
PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE. It begins thus:

- "Cros, and Curteis Christ, this beginning spede  
"For the Faders Frendshipe, that Fourmed heaven,  
"And through the Special Spirit, that Sprong of hem tweyne,  
"And al in one godhed endles dwelleth."

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living (*g*). Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems (*h*), two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is intitled THE SEGE OF IERLAM, [i. e. Jerusalem], being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

- "In Tyberius Tyme . the Trewe emperour  
"Syr Sesar hymself . beSted in Rome

(*g*) Signature . C. ff.

(*h*) Caligula A. ij. fol. 109. 123.

T 2

"Whyll

" Whyll Pylat was Provoſte . under that Prynce ryche  
 " And Jewes Juſtice alſo . of Judeas londe  
 " Herode under empere . as Herytage wolde  
 " Kyng, &c.

The other is intituled CHEVALERE ASSIGNE [or De Cigne], that is, " The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romance, beginning thus :

" All-Weldynge God . Whene it is his Wylle  
 " Wele he Wereth his Werke . With his owene honde  
 " For ofte Harmes were Hente . that Helpe we ne myzte  
 " Nere the Hyznes of Hym . that lengeth in Hevene  
 " For this, &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays (*i*) is a proſe narrative of the adventures of this ſame Knight of the Swan, " newly tranſlated out of Frenſhe into Englyſhe, " at thinſtigacion of the puyffaunt and illuſtryous " prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord it ſeems had a peculiar intereſt in the book, for in the preface the tranſlator tells us, that this " highe " dygne and illuſtryous prynce my lorde Edward by " the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of He- " reforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, deſyrynge coty- " dyally to encreaſe and augment the name and fame " of ſuch as were relucient in vertuous feates and tri- " umphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and " ſtyre every luſty and gentell herte by the exem- " ficacyon of the ſame, havynge a goodli booke of the " highe and miraculous hystory of a famous and puyf- " faunt kynge, named Oryant, ſometime reynynge in " the parties of beyonde the ſea, havynge to his wife " a noble lady; of whome ſhe conceived ſixe ſonnes " and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only

(*i*) K. vol. X.

" time ;

"time; at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne  
 "of sylver at their neckes, the whiche were all  
 "toured by the providence of god into whyte  
 "swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory  
 "is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the  
 "swanne, OF WHOME LINIALLY IS DYSCENDED MY  
 "SAYDE LORDE. The whiche ententifly to have the  
 "sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen  
 "in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of  
 "hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti  
 "servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde  
 "(k) to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte . . . . at  
 "whose instigacion and fliring I (Roberte Copland)  
 "have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to re-  
 "duce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare  
 "english tonge after the capacite and rudenesse of  
 "my weke entendement."—A curious picture of  
 the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts  
 were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under  
 Leo X. the first peer of this realm was proud to de-  
 rive his pedigree from a fabulous KNIGHT OF THE  
 SWAN (l).

To return to the Metre of *Pierce Plowman*: In the  
 folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two  
 poems written in that species of versification. One of  
 these is an ancient allegorical poem, intituled *DEATH  
 AND LIFE*, (in 2 fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs)  
 which, for ought that appears, may have been written  
 as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The  
 first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs,

(k) W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G's  
 copy is "¶ Imprinted at London by me Wylliam Copland.

(l) He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of God-  
 frey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his  
 relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13  
 Hen. VIII.



a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

“ *Christ Christen king,*  
     that on the *Crosse* tholed;  
 “ *Hadd Paines and Passyons*  
     to defend our soules;  
 “ Give us *Grace* on the *Ground*  
     the *Greatlye* to serve,  
 “ For that *Royall Red blood*  
     that *Rann* from thy side.”

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between “our lady Dame *LIFE*,” and the “ugly fiend Dame *DEATH*,” who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame *LIFE* is,

“ Shee was *Brighter* of her *Blee*,  
     then was the *Bright* sonn:  
 “ Her *Rudd Redder* then the *Rose*,  
     that on the *Rife* hangeth:  
 “ *Meekely* smiling with her *Mouth*,  
     And *Merry* in her looks;  
 “ Ever *Laughing* for *Love*,  
     as shee *Like* would.  
 “ And as shee came by the *Bankes*,  
     the *Boughes* eche one  
 “ They *Lowted* to that *Ladye*,  
     and *Layd* forth their branches;  
 “ *Blossomes*, and *Burgens*  
     Breathed full sweete;

“ *Flowers*



" Flowers Flourished in the Frith,  
 where thee Forth stepped;  
 " And the Grasse, that was Gray,  
 Greened belive."

DEATH is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 28th page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in page 28, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus :

Grant Gracious God,  
 Grant me this time, &c.

It is intitled SCOTTISH FEILDE (in 2 FITTS, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural :

" Then we Tild downe our Tents,  
 that Told were a thousand:"

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself:

" He was a Gentleman by Jesu,  
 that this Gest (*m*) made:  
 " Which Say but as he Sayd (*n*)  
 for Sooth and noe other.

(*m*) Jest. MS.

(*n*) Probably corrupted for—" Says but as he Saw."

- " At Bagily that Bearne  
     his Biding place had ;  
 " And his ancestors of old time  
     have yearded (*o*) theire longe,  
 " Before William Conquerour  
     this Cuntry did inhabitt.  
 " Jesus Bring 'them (*p*)' to Blisse,  
     that Brought us forth of BALE,  
 " That hath Hearnked me Heare  
     or Heard my TALE."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of LEGH for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed that the author was of that county appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written ; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry : this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as

(*o*) Yearded, *i. e.* *buried, earthed, earded.* It is common to pronounce "Earth," in some parts of England "Yearth," particularly in the North.—Pitfcottie speaking of James III. slain at Bannockbourn, says, "Nae man wot whar they YEARED him."

(*p*) 'us.' MS. In the 2d line above, the MS. has 'bidding.'

inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the Metre of Pierce Plowman (*q*).

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of SCOTTISH FIELD, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament; till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when Rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of LITTLE JOHN NOBODY exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse (*r*),  
now

(*q*) And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

(*r*) Consisting of four Anapests (o o -) in which the Accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of Verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of 11 and 14 syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples, pp. 139, 140, &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich), only instead of the internal Alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final Rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen:

"The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were so rive,  
"Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and suthe but vive:  
"The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,  
"Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto."

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary Writers,  
who

now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following Song of CONSCIENCE, and in that well-known doggrel,

“A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall.”

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity; their grand Heroic Verse of twelve syllables (*s*) is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stripped like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme: But with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our Poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state (*t*),

who resided in the metropolis, or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independant states of Italy.

(*s*) Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of Blank Verse in his Versions of the second and fourth Books of the *Æneid*, 1557, 4to.

(*t*) Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with 12, 11, and even 10 syllables. For though regularly it consists of 4 Anapests (ο ο -) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third Anapest; and sometimes from both; as in these instances from PRIOR, and from the following Song of CONSCIENCE:

Whō hās eēr beēn āt Pārīs, mūst nēeds knōw thē Grēve,

Thē fātāl rētrēat ōf th' ūnfōrtūnātē brāve.

Hē stēpt tō hīm strāight, ānd dīd hīm rēquīre.

as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this Verse as the vehicle of their Epic and Tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve Syllables; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible; and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independant verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other (*u*).

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which

(*u*) See Instances in *L'Hist. de la Poësie Française* par MASSIEU, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French Verses.

cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of LIFE AND DEATH; in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the Cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

*Lê succès fût toujours* | *ùn enfānt dē l'audāce;*  
All shāl dr̄ye with thē dīnts | thāt I dēal with mȳ hānds.

*L'hōmmē prūdēt voit trōp* | *l'illūsion lē fuit,*  
Yōndēr dāmsēl is dēath | thāt dr̄ēsēth hēr tō smīte.

*L'itrēpidē voit mīeux* | *ēt lē fāntōme fuit (x).*  
Whēn shē dōlēfūllȳ s̄aw | hōw shē dāng dōwne hȳr fōlke.

*Même aux yeūx dē l'īnjūste* | *ùn īnjūste ēst hōrrīblē (y).*  
Thēn shē cāst ūp ā crȳe | tō thē hīgh kīng of hēavēn.

*Dū mēnsōngē toujours* | *lē vrāi dēmēurē māitrē,*  
Thōu shālbt bīttr̄lyē bȳe | ōr ēlse thē bōokē fāilēth.

*Pour paraître bōnnēte bōmme* | *ēn ūn mōt, il fāut l'ētre (z).*  
Thūs I fāred thrōughē ā frȳthe | whērethē flōwērs wēre mānȳe.

To conclude: the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

{x} Catalina, A. 3.      {y} Boileau Sat.      {z} Boil. Sat. II.

ADDI-

ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY

ON

THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

SINCE the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old Alliterative Metre.

The first is in MS. (a) which begins thus:

Grist Crowned Kyng, that on Cros didest (b),  
And art Comfort of all Care, thow (c) kind go out of Cours,  
With thi Halwes in Heven Heried mote thou be,  
And thy Worshipful Werkes Worshipped evre,  
That suche Sondry Signes Shewest unto man,  
In Dremyng, in Drecchyng (d), and in Derke swevenes.

The Author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a Dream that happened to himself: which he introduces with the following circumstances:

Ones y me Ordayned, as y have Ofte doon,  
With Frendes, and Felawes, Frendemen, and other;  
And Caught me in a Company on Corpus Christi even,  
Six, other (e) Seven myle, oute of Suthampton,  
To take Melodye, and Mirthes, among my Makes;  
With Redyng of ROMAUNCES, and Revelyng among,  
The Dym of the Derknesse Drewe me into the west;  
And beGon for to spryng in the Grey day.  
Than Lift y up my Lyddes, and Loked in the fky,  
And Knewe by the Kende Cours, hit clered in the est:  
Blyve y Bulked me down, and to Bed went,  
For to Comforte my Kynde, and Cacche a slepe.

(a) In a small 4to MS. containing 38 leaves in private hands.  
(b) Didst dye. (c) though. (d) being overpowered.  
(e) i. e. either, or.

He then describes his dream:

Methought that y Hoved on High on an Hill,  
 And loked Doun on a Dale Depest of othre;  
 Ther y Sawe in my Sighte a Selcouthe peple;  
 The Multitude was so Moche, it Mighte not be nombred:  
 Methoughte y herd a Crowned Kyng, of his Comunes axe  
 A Soleyne (*f*) Subsidie, to Susteyne his werres.

\* \* \* \* \*

With that a Clerk Kneled adowne and Carped these wordes,  
 Liege Lord, yif it you Like to Listen a while,  
 Som Sawes of Salomon y shall you shewe sone.

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies 'to susteyne his werres,' I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of K. HENRY Vth, as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The Alliterative Metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed:

HEIR begins the Tretis of the Twa Marriit Wemen, and the Wedo, compylit be Maister WILLIAM DUNBAR (*g*).

"Upon the Midsummer-even Mirriest of nichtis

"I Muvit furth alane quhen as Midnight was past

(*f*) solemn.

(*g*) Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in "Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. from the MS. Collections of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington, knight, of London, 1786," 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines are here corrected by that edition.

"Besyd



- “ Besyd ane Gudlie Grene Garth (*b*), full of Gay flouris  
 “ Hegeit (*i*) of ane Huge Hicht with Hawthorne treeis  
 “ Quairon ane Bird on ane Bransche so Birft out hir notis  
 “ That nevir ane Blythfuller Bird was on the Beuche (*k*) hard &c.”

The Author pretends to over-hear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale. As DUNBAR lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after SCOTTISH FIELD (described above, in p. 277,) which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of THOMAS the RYMER, Marvellous MERLING, &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. The first of them begins thus:

- “ Merling sayes in his book, who will Read Right,  
 “ Although his Sayings be uncouth, they Shall be true found,  
 “ In the seventh chapter, read *Whoso Will*,  
 “ One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c.”

And the Prophecie of BEID:

- “ Betwixt the chief of Summer and the Sad winter;  
 “ Before the Heat of summer Happen shall a war  
 “ That Europ's lands Earnestly shall be wrought  
 “ And Earnest Envy shall last but a while, &c.”

(*b*) Garden.

(*i*) Hedged.

(*k*) Bough.

So again the Propheſie of BERLINGTON:

- “ When the Ruby is Raiſed, Reſt is there none,  
 “ But much Rancour ſhall Riſe in River and plain  
 “ Much Sorrow is Seen through a Suth-hound  
 “ That beares Hornes in his Head like a wyld Hart, &c.”

In like Metre is the Propheſie of WALDHAVE:

- “ Upon Lowdon Law alone as I Lay,  
 “ Looking to the Lennox, as me Lief thought,  
 “ The firſt Morning of May, Medicine to ſeek  
 “ For Malice and Melody that Moved me fore, &c.”

And laſtly, that intituled, The Propheſie of GILDAS.

- “ When holy kirk is Wracked and Will has no Wit  
 “ And Paſtors are Pluckt, and Pil’d without Pity  
 “ When Idolatry Is In ENS and RE  
 “ And ſpiritual paſtours are vexed away, &c.”

It will be obſerved in the foregoing ſpecimens, that the Alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth inſtances; although all the reſt are written in imitation of the cadence uſed in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive peruſal, that the poems aſcribed to Berlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others; indeed the firſt and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not intirely compoſed about the beginning of the laſt century, and are probably the lateſt attempts ever made in this ſpecies of verſe.

In this and the foregoing ESSAY are mentioned all the ſpecimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme; but inſtances occur ſometimes in old Manuſcripts, of poems written both with final rhymes and the internal cadence and alliterations of the Metre of Pierce Plowman.

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

THE

*THE following Song, intituled, THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE, is printed from the Editor's folio Manuscript: Some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the Reader wherever it was judged necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.'*

AS I walked of late by 'an' wood side,  
 To God for to meditate was my entent;  
 Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed  
 A silly poore creature ragged and rent,  
 With bloody teares his face was besprent, 5  
 His fleshe and his color consumed away,  
 And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire  
 To know what kind of man hee shold bee;  
 I slept to him straight, and did him require 10  
 His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.  
 His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,  
 My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,  
 And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd 'me' sit downe,  
 And I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe; 16  
 My name is called CONSCIENCE:—wheratt he did  
 frowne,  
 He pined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,  
 'Thoughe now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releef,'

*Ver. 1. one. MS.*

*V. 15. him. MS.*

*V. 19. not in MS.*

VOL. II.

U

'Yet'

‘ Yet’ while I was young, and tender of yeeres,      20  
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,  
For with the kings counsell ‘ I’ fate in commiſſion ;  
Dukes, earles, and barrons eſteem’d of my name ;  
And how that I liv’d there needs no repetition :      25  
I was ever holden in honeſt condition,  
For howſoever the lawes went in Weſtminſter-hall,  
When ſentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,  
But one pore peny, that was their fine ;      30  
And that they acknowledged to be for my ſake.  
The poore wold doe nothing without counsell mine :  
I ruled the world with the right line :  
For nothing was paſſed betweene foe and friend,  
But Conſcience was called to bee at ‘ the’ end.      35

Noe bargaines, nor merchandize merchants wold make  
But I was called a witteneſſe therto :  
No uſe for noe money, nor forfeit wold take,  
But I wold controule them, if that they did ſoe :  
‘ And’ that makes me live now in great woe,      40  
For then came in Pride, Sathan’s diſciple,  
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whoſe names ‘ thus they call’  
That is Covetouſnes, Lecherye, Uſury, beſide :

*Ver.* 23. he fate. *MS.*    *V.* 35. an end. *MS.*    *V.* 43. they be theſe. *MS.*

They

They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my downe-fall;  
 Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried, 46  
 And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed  
 To have had entertainment with some one or other;  
 But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to the Court the gallants to winn, 50  
 But the porter kept me out of the gate:  
 To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,  
 They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my state;  
 Goe, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.  
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,  
 With whom evermore I esteemed have been. 56

Then went I to London, where once I did 'dwell':  
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;  
 For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!  
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame; 60  
 They lought at my raggs, and there had good game;  
 This is old threed-bare Conscience, that dwelt with  
 faint Peter:  
 But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

Not one wo'd receive me, the Lord 'he' doth know;  
 I having but one poor penny in my purse, 65  
 On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;  
 'For' I thought better cobble shooes than doe worse.  
 Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,

*V.* 46. was derided. *MS.* *V.* 53. packeme. *MS.* *V.* 57. wonne. *MS.*

And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,  
 And whipp me out of towne to 'seeke' where I was  
 borne. 70

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,  
 The Court of Conscience where once I did sit:  
 Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,  
 For my name and the place agreed soe fit;  
 But there of my purpose I fayled a whit, 75  
 For 'thoughe' the judge us'd my name in everye  
 'commission,'

The lawyers with their quilllets wold get 'my' dismissal.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;  
 Good lord! how the Lawyers began to assemble,  
 And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee! 80  
 The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;  
 I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble;  
 Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,  
 But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee away, 85  
 Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?  
 We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,  
 And sett thee on shore in the New-found land;  
 And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,  
 And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us; 90  
 For when we wold reape profitt here thou woldst  
 accuse us.

V. 70. see. MS.

V. 76. condicion. MS.

V. 77. get a. MS.



Then had I noe way, but for to goe on  
 To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name;  
 Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,  
 'Telling' how their forefathers held me in fame: 95  
 And at letting their farmes 'how always I came'.

They sayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee curse:

'Theire' leases continue, and we fare the worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe  
 To husbandmens houses, who greeved right fore, 100  
 And fware that their landlords had plagued them so,  
 That they were not able to keepe open doore;  
 Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:

Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,

Where hepps and hawes, that is my best fare: 105

Yet within this fame desert some comfort I have  
 Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;  
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave.  
 Wee are 'all' put to silence, and live upon weeds,  
 'And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds': 110  
 Our banishment is its utter decay,  
 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best  
 To goe to the Clergie; for dailye they preach  
 Eche man to love you above all the rest; 115  
 Of Mercye, -and Pittie, and Almes-'deeds', they teach.  
 O, said he, noe matter of a pin what they preach,

V. 95. And how. MS.

V. 109. ill. MS.

V. 101. so fore. MS.

V. 110. not in MS.

For their wives and their children foe hange them upon,  
That whosoever gives almes they will \* give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away, 120  
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.

I told him, I haplie might yet see the day  
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.

First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were blest;  
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land, 125  
And then good 'house-keeping wold revive' out of hand.

\* *We ought in justice and truth to read 'can'.*

*Ver. 119. almes-deeds. MS.*

*V. 126. houses every where wold be kept. MS.*

## II.

### PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

*This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, intituled, "The Garland of Goodwill."—IGNORANCE is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.*

#### TRUTH.

**G**OD speed you, ancient father,  
And give you a good daye;  
What is the cause, I praye you,  
So sadly here you staye?

And



And that you keep such gazing 5  
 On this decayed place,  
 The which, for superstition,  
 Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen \*,  
 That zometimes che have knowne 10  
 A vair and goodly abbey  
 Stand here of bricke and stone;  
 And many a holy vrier,  
 As ich may say to thee,  
 Within these goodly cloysters  
 Che did full often zee. 15

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,  
 In truthe and veritiè,  
 A sorte of greater hypocrites  
 Thou couldst not likely see; 20  
 Deceiving of the simple  
 With false and feigned lies;  
 But such an order truly  
 Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zpell thee now, man; 25  
 Che know well what thou art;

\* *i. e. faithen: as in the Midland counties they say houses, closes, for houses, closes.* A.

A vellow of mean learning,  
 Thee was not worth a vart :  
 Vor when we had the old lawe,  
 A merry world was then ;  
 And every thing was plenty  
 Among all zorts of men.

30

## TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,  
 As did the Jewes sometimes  
 Unto the prophet Jeremye,  
 When he accus'd their crimes ;  
 'Twas merry, sayd the people,  
 And joyfull in our rea'me,  
 When we did offer spice-cakes  
 Unto the queen of heav'n.

35

40

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,  
 Before the vriers went hence,  
 A bushell of the best wheate  
 Was zold vor vourteen pence ;  
 And vorty egges a penny,  
 That were both good and newe ;  
 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,  
 And yet ich am no Jewe.

45

## TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible  
 We find it written plain,

50

The

The latter days should troublesome  
 And dangerous be, certaine;  
 That we should be self-lovers,  
 And charity wax colde;  
 Then 'tis not true religion 55  
 That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,  
 And choul'd that well ye knewe,  
 Ich care not for the bible booke;  
 'Tis too big to be true. 60  
 Our blessed ladyes psalter  
 Zhall for my money goe;  
 Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee\*,  
 The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye, 65  
 For in that book indeede  
 No mention of our lady,  
 Or Romish saint we read;  
 For by the blessed Spirit  
 That book indited was, 70  
 And not by simple persons,  
 As was the foolish masse.

\* Probably alluding to the illuminated Psalters, Missals, &c.

## IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolishe  
 That made the masse, che trowe;  
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine, 75  
 And vools no Latine knowe.  
 Were not our fathers wise men,  
 And they did like it well;  
 Who very much rejoyced  
 To heare the zacring bell? 80

## TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,  
 As I may say to thee,  
 Have wisht the light that you have,  
 And could it never see:  
 For what art thou the better 85  
 A Latin song to heare,  
 And understandest nothing,  
 That they sing in the quiere?

## IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,  
 The noise was passing trim 90  
 To heare the vriers zinging,  
 As we did enter in;  
 And then to zee the rood-lost  
 Zo bravely zet with zaints;—  
 But now to zee them wandring 95  
 My heart with zorrow vaints.

## TRUTH.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,  
 No image thou shouldst make,  
 Nor that unto idolatry  
 You should your self betake: 100  
 The golden calf of Ifrael  
 Moses did therefore spoile;  
 And Baal's priests and temple  
 Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsingham 105  
 Was a pure and holy zaint,  
 And many men in pilgrimage  
 Did shew to her complaint.  
 Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,  
 And many other moe: 110  
 The holy maid of Kent \* likewise  
 Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH.

Such faints are well agreeing  
 To your profession sure;  
 And to the men that made them 115  
 So precious and so pure;  
 The one for being a traytoure,  
 Met an untimely death;

\* By name Eliz. Barton, executed Apr. 21, 1534. Stow, p. 570.

The other eke for treason  
Did end her hateful breath. 120

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,  
Dispraise them how you wille;  
But zure they did much goodnesse;  
Would they were with us stille!  
We had our holy water, 125  
And holy bread likewise,  
And many holy reliques  
We zaw before our eyes.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you  
With vain and empty showe, 130  
Which never Christ commanded,  
As learned doctors knowe:  
Search then the holy scriptures,  
And thou shalt plainly see  
That headlong to damnation 135  
They alway trained thee.

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,  
As thou dost zay to mee,  
Unto my heavenly fader  
Alone then will I flee; 140

Be-

Believing in the Gospel,  
 And passion of his zon,  
 And with the zubtil papistes  
 Ich have for ever done.

## III.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

*The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, say-*

ing,



ing, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstacy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ. the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. II. Book 3, Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547. and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is preserved in black letter in the Pepys collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem  
 Our Saviour Christ did live,  
 And for the sins of all the worlde  
 His own deare life did give;  
 The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes  
 Did dailye him molest,  
 That never till he left his life,  
 Our Saviour could not rest.

When



When they had crown'd his head with thornes,  
 And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10  
 In scornfull sort they led him forth  
 Unto his dying place ;  
 Where thousand thousands in the streete  
 Beheld him passe along,  
 Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15  
 That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,  
 As in the streete he wente,  
 And nought he found but churlish tauntes,  
 By every ones consente : 20  
 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,  
 A burthen far too great,  
 Which made him in the street to fainte,  
 With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest, 25  
 To ease his burthened soule,  
 Upon a stone ; the which a wretch  
 Did churlishly controule ;  
 And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,  
 Thou shalt not rest thee here ; 30  
 Pass on ; thy execution place  
 Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;  
 At which our Saviour sayd,

I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,  
 And have no journey stayd.  
 With that this curst shoemaker,  
 For offering Christ this wrong,  
 Left wife and children, house and all,  
 And went from thence along. 35 40

Where after he had scene the bloudé  
 Of Jesus Christ thus shed,  
 And to the crosse his bodey nail'd,  
 Away with speed he fled  
 Without returning backe againe 45  
 Unto his dwelling place,  
 And wandred up and downe the worlde,  
 A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,  
 No ease, nor hearts content ; 50  
 No house, nor home, nor biding place:  
 But wandring forth he went  
 From towne to towne in foreigne landes,  
 With grieved conscience still,  
 Repenting for the heinous guilt 55  
 Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past  
 In wandring up and downe ;  
 He much againe desired to see  
 Jerusalems renowne, 60  
 But

But finding it all quite destroyd,  
 He wandred thence with woe,  
 Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,  
 To verifie and showe.

“ I’ll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke,” 65  
 So doth this wandring Jew  
 From place to place, but cannot rest  
 For seeing countries newe ;  
 Declaring still the power of him,  
 Whereas he comes or goes, 70  
 And of all things done in the east,  
 Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round  
 And seene those nations strange,  
 That hearing of the name of Christ, 75  
 Their idol gods doe change :  
 To whom he hath told wondrous thinges  
 Of time forepast, and gone,  
 And to the princes of the worlde  
 Declares his cause of moane : 80

Desiring still to be dissolv’d,  
 And yeild his mortal breath ;  
 But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,  
 He shall not yet see death.  
 For neither looks he old nor young, 85  
 But as he did those times,

When Christ did suffer on the crosse  
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,  
Arabia, Egypt, Africa, 90  
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,  
And throughout all Hung r a.  
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,  
Those blest apostles deare ;  
There he hath told our Saviours wordes, 95  
In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,  
With many a German towne ;  
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,  
He wandreth up and downe : 100  
Where learned men with him conferre  
Of those his lingering dayes,  
And wonder much to heare him tell  
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes, 105  
The most that he will take  
Is not above a groat a time :  
Which he, for Jesus' sake,  
Will kindlye give unto the poore,  
And thereof make no spare, 110  
Affirming still that Jesus Christ  
Of him hath dailye care.

He

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,  
 But weepe and make great moane;  
 Lamenting still his miseries, 115  
 And dayes forepast and gone;  
 If he heare any one blaspheme,  
 Or take God's name in vaine,  
 He telles them that they crucifie  
 Their Saviour Christe againe. 120

If you had seene his death, faith he,  
 As these mine eyes have done,  
 Ten thousand thousand times would yee  
 His torments think upon:  
 And suffer for his sake all paine 125  
 Of torments, and all woes.  
 These are his wordes and eke his life  
 Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

T H E L Y E,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled "*Davison's  
 Poems, or a poetickall Rapsodie divided into fixe books . . . .  
 The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and*  
 X 2 " put

"put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, "12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in 1608 \*, the other in 1611 †. So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's *Life of Sir W. Raleigh*, p. 173, fol.

G OE, foule, the bodies guest,  
 Upon a thankelesse arrant;  
 Feare not to touche the best,  
 The truth shall be thy warrant:  
 Goe, since I needs must dye,  
 And give the world the lye.

5

Goe tell the court, it glowes  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Goe tell the church it showes  
 What's good, and doth no good:  
 If church and court reply,  
 Then give them both the lye.

10

Tell potentates they live  
 Acting by others actions;  
 Not lov'd unlesse they give,  
 Not strong but by their factions;

15

\* *Catalog. of T. Rawlinson*, 1727.

† *Cat. of Sion coll. library*. This is either lost or mislaid.

If

# ANCIENT POEMS. 309

If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state, 20  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practise onely hate;  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most, 25  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost  
Seek nothing but commending;  
And if they make reply,  
Spare not to give the lye. 30

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;  
Tell love it is but lust;  
Tell time, it is but motion;  
Tell flesh, it is but dust;  
And wish them not reply, 35  
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;  
Tell honour, how it alters;  
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;  
Tell favour, how she falters; 40

And as they shall reply,  
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of nicenesse;  
Tell wisedome, she entangles 45  
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;  
And if they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;  
Tell skill, it is pretension; 50  
Tell charity of coldnes;  
Tell law, it is contention;  
And as they yield reply,  
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse; 55  
Tell nature of decay;  
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;  
Tell justice of delay;  
And if they dare reply,  
Then give them all the lye. 60

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,  
And stand too much on seeming:

If



# ANCIENT POEMS. 311

If arts and schooles reply, 65  
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;  
Tell how the countrey erreth;  
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;  
Tell, vertue least preferreth: 70  
And, if they doe reply,  
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lye 75  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soule can kill.

## V.

### VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

*In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of his majesty's poetic talents, some Punning Verses made on the disputations at Sterling: but it having been suggested to the editor, that the king only gave the*  
X 4 *quibbling*

quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre \*; it was thought proper to exchange them for two SONNETS of K. James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems we have here selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS  
SON PRINCE HENRY:

*From K. James's works in folio: Where is also printed another called his Majesty's OWN Sonnet; it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was NOT his Majesty's OWN Sonnet.*

**G**OD gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,  
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:  
And as their subjects ought them to obey,  
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,  
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king;  
And from his law make all your laws to spring;  
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;  
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;  
Walke always so, as ever in HIS sight,  
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.

\* See a folio intituled "The Muses welcome to King James."

And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,  
 Resembling right your mightie king divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER  
 WHICH HINDRED THE SPORTS AT NEW-  
 MARKET IN JANUARY 1616.

*This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this Sonnet, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax I remember to have seen.*

HOW cruelly these catives do conspire?  
 What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band  
 Betwixt the cankred king of Creta land \*,  
 That melancholy old and angry fire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire 5  
 Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd †?  
 But now his double face is still dispos'd,  
 With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,  
 Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast: 10

The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,  
 And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.

Curs'd be that love and mought ‡ continue short,  
 Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

\* Saturn.

† Janus.

‡ i. e. may it.

## VI.

## K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

*The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT seem to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled, "KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.*

*The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), intitled, "KING OLFREY AND THE ABBOT \*." Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "KING HENRY AND A BISHOP," with this stinging moral:*

*"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,  
"When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."*

\* See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes OLFREY to be a corruption of ALFRED, in his pamphlet concerning the WHITE HORSE in Berkshire, p. 15.

*The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."*

**A**N ancient story Ile tell you anon  
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;  
And he ruled England with maine and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye, 5  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbūrye;  
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,  
'They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day; 10  
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,  
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,  
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,  
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne, 15  
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,  
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;  
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,  
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere. 20

Yes,

316      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,  
And now for the same thou needest must dye;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,      25  
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride the whole world about.      30  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:  
But if you will give me but three weekes space,      35  
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.      40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45  
 And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:  
 How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;  
 What newes do you bring us from good king John?

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;  
 That I have but three days more to live: 50  
 For if I do not answer him questions three,  
 My head will be smitten from my bodie."

The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,  
 Among all his liege men so noble of birth, 55  
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,  
 How soone he may ride this whole world about:  
 And at the third question I must not shrink,  
 But tell him there truly what he does thinke." 60

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,  
 That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?  
 Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,  
 And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65  
 I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:  
 And if you will but lend me your gowne,  
 There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now



Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,  
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ;      70  
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,  
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

Now welcome, fire abbot, the king he did say,  
 Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day ;  
 For and if thou canst answer my questions three,      75  
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
 With my crown of golde so fair on my head,  
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth.      80

"For thirty pence our Saivour was sold  
 Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told ;  
 And twenty nine is the worth of thee,  
 For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel \*,      85  
 I did not think I had been worth so littel !  
 —Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
 How soone I may ride this whole world about,

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the fame,  
 Until the next morning he riseth againe ;      90

\* *Meaning probably St. Botolph.*



And then your grace need not make any doubt,  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!  
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 96

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:  
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;  
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee." 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,  
He make thee lord abbot this day in his place!  
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,  
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105  
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;  
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

\* \* \*

## VII.

## YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

*This little Sonnet was written by Sir HENRY WOTTON, Knight, on that amiable Princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the Emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.*

*This song is printed from the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy.*

**Y**OU meaner beauties of the night,  
 That poorly fatisfie our eies  
 More by your number, than your light;  
 You common people of the skies,  
 What are you when the Moon shall rise?

5

Ye

Ye violets that first appeare,  
 By your pure purple mantles known  
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare,  
 As if the Spring were all your own;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown? 10

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,  
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By your weak accents: what's your praise,  
 When Philomell her voyce shall raise? 15

So when my mistris shal be seene  
 In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;  
 By virtue first, then choyce a queen;  
 Tell me, if she was not design'd  
 'Th' eclypse and glory of her kind? 20

VIII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

*This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected*

*fect*ed by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book intitled, "Le Prince d'amour," 1660, 8vo.

**A**N old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate  
estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;  
Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word affwages;  
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,  
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,  
nor pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him  
by his looks.

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old  
cooks:  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,  
 With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many  
     shrewde blows,  
 And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,  
 And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;  
     Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,  
 To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
 With good chear enough to furnish every old room,  
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,  
     Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,  
 That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,  
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own  
     bounds,  
 And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good  
     pounds:  
     Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,  
 Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,  
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours  
     be kind:  
 But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was in-  
     ch'd;  
     Like a young courtier of the king's,  
     And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his  
land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,  
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,  
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor  
stand ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,  
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,  
or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,  
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens  
hair ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one  
stood,

Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no  
good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal  
nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals  
ne'er stood ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,  
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,

With

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or  
 five days,  
 And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and  
 toys ;  
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,  
 On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,  
 And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,  
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with  
 a stone ;  
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is com-  
 -pleat,  
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up  
 the meat,  
 With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,  
 Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat ;  
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old  
 gold,  
 For which fundry of his ancestors old manors are sold ;  
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,  
 Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so  
 cold,  
 Among the young courtiers of the king,  
 Or the king's young courtiers.

\* \* \*

## IX.

## SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for "the Englishmen's fine cloaths." [Lloyd's Memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John. as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of these times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, intitled, "*Musarum deliciæ: or the Muses recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit.*" 4*d*. edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith.] Lond. 1656, 12*mo*." —[See Wood's *Athenæ*. II. 397, 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.

"But



*" But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase*

*" His money, which lately he spent-a,*

*" But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;*

*" At Barwick away it went-a."*

**S**IR John he got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,  
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight 5  
With halfe so gay a bravada,  
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,  
Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see  
So gallant and warlike a fight-a, 10  
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,  
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;  
His heart would not relent-a,  
For, till he came there, what had he to fear? 15  
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God blefs him!) had singular hopes  
Of him and all his troop-a:  
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,  
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 20

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,  
 Who took him for John de Wert-a;  
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows,  
 My gallant was nothing so pert-a,

For when the Scots army came within sight,      25  
 And all prepared to fight-a,  
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,  
 He swore he must needs goe sh\*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,  
 To quarter him in the van-a,      30  
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,  
 To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,  
 Some ten miles back, and more-a;  
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away,      35  
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

*Ver. 22. JOHN DE WERT was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vert. See Bayle's Dict.*

X.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON,

*This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, Vol. II. p. 228, and Lyson's Environs of London, Vol. I. p. 109; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.*

*This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems intitled, "Lucaſta, 1649, 12mo." collated with a copy in the Editor's folio MS.*

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
 Hovers within my gates,  
 And my divine Althea brings  
 To whisper at my grates;  
 When I lye tangled in her haire,  
 And fetter'd with her eye,  
 The birds that wanton in the aire,  
 Know no such libertye,

5

When

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames, 10  
 Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames;  
 When thirstie griefe in wine we sleepe,  
 When healths and draughts goe free,  
 Fishes, that tipp'le in the deepe, 15  
 Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I  
 With shriller note shall sing  
 The mercye, sweetnes, majestye,  
 And glories of my king; 20  
 When I shall voyce aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,  
 Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,  
 Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25  
 Nor iron barres a cage,  
 Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take  
 That for an hermitage:  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soule am free, 30  
 Angels alone, that soare above,  
 Enjoy such libertie.

*Ver. 10. with woe-allaying themes. MS. Thames is here used for water in general.*

XI.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

*Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I. who built such a one wherever the bier of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For, in 1647. it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.*

*The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins and Rich. Chaloner suffered death July 5, 1643. Vid. Ath. Ox. II. 24.*

Undone, undone the lawyers are,  
 They wander about the towne,  
 Nor can find the way to Westminster,  
 Now Charing-cross is downe:  
 At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, 5  
 Swearing they are at a los,  
 And chaffing say, that's not the way,  
 They must go by Charing-cross.

The

The parliament to vote it down  
Conceived it very fitting, 19  
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,  
In the house, as they were sitting.  
They were told god-wot, it had a plot,  
Which made them so hard-hearted,  
To give command, it should not stand, 15  
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse  
For any thing I know,  
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner,  
Were hang'd for long agoe. 20  
Our parliament did that prevent,  
And wisely them defended,  
For plots they will discover still,  
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child, 25  
Will say, I'm confident,  
They ever heard it speak one word  
Against the parliament.  
An informer swore, it letters bore,  
Or else it had been freed ; 30  
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,  
It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily  
 To popery it was bent;  
 For ought I know, it might be so, 33  
 For to church it never went.  
 What with excise, and such device,  
 The kingdom doth begin  
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,  
 Without doors nor within. 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd  
 Of it have taken pity,  
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood  
 So firmly to the city.  
 Since crosses you so much disdain, 45  
 Faith, if I were as you,  
 For fear the king should rule again,  
 I'd pull down Tiburn too.

\* \* Whitlocke says, "May 3, 1643, Cheapside cross and  
 "other crosses were voted down," &c.—But this Vote  
 was not put in execution with regard to CHARING CROSS  
 till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations  
 on the Life, &c. of K. Charles, viz. "Charing-Cross, we  
 "know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and  
 "August. Part of the Stones were converted to pave  
 "before Whitehall I have seen Knife-hafts made of  
 "some of the stones, which, being well-polished, looked  
 "like marble." Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an Account of the pulling down Cheapside Cross, in  
 the Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

## XII.

## LOYALTY CONFINED.

*This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." Lond. 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in the "Westminster Drollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671," 12mo.*

**B**EAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;  
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;  
Your incivility doth show,

That innocence is tempest proof;  
Though furly Neius frown, my thoughts are calm; 5  
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
A private closet is to me:

Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
And innocence my liberty: 10

Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorit.



I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,  
 Into this private room was turn'd;  
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 18  
 The salamander should be burn'd;  
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,  
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;  
 The pelican her wilderness; 20  
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
 Naked on frozen Caucasus:  
 Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm 25  
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear;  
 And for to keep my ancles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there:  
 These walls are but my garrison; this cell,  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel. 30

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,  
 Like some high-prized margarite,  
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,  
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:  
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty, 35  
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here

Here sin for want of food must starve;  
 Where tempting objects are not seen;  
 And these strong walls do only serve  
 To keep vice out, and keep me in :      40  
 Malice of late's grown charitable sure,  
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life \*,  
 Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,  
 By a malicious friendly knife      45  
 Did only wound him to a cure :  
 Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant  
 Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,  
 Prosperity doth treason seem ;      50  
 And to make smooth so rough a path,  
 I can learn patience from him :  
 Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,  
 When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king      55  
 Neither in person or in coin ;  
 Yet contemplation is a thing  
 That renders what I have not, mine :

\* See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum. Lib. 3, c. 28.  
 Cic. de Offic. Lib. 1, c. 30; see also Val. Max. 1. 8.

My king from me what adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

60

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,  
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale

In that her narrow hermitage?

Even then her charming melody doth prove,  
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

65

I am that bird, whom they combine

Thus to deprive of liberty;

But though they do my corps confine,

Yet maugre hate, my soul is free:

And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing  
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

70

My soul is free, as ambient air,

Although my baser part's immew'd,

Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair

T' accompany my solitude:

Although rebellion do my body binde,  
My king alone can captivate my minde.

75

## XIII.

## VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

"This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.] The poetry is most uncut and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." *Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. I.*

It is in his "*Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton*," p. 370, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there intitled, "*Majesty in Misery: OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.*"

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic." See his *hist.* 1763, 4to. Vol. V. pp. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them. — These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition. Indeed a little Poem ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE, printed in the *Poetical Calendar*, 1763, vol VIII. is attributed to K. CHARLES I; being reprinted from a thin 8vo. published by Nabum Tate, called "*Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects.*"

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs  
The potency and power of kings,  
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine  
 Its faculties in truth's seraphick line, 5  
 To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,  
 (The only root of righteous royaltie)  
 With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe, 10  
 The holy unction, and the royal globe:  
 Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread  
 Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,  
 Are those that owe my bounty for their bread. 15

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,  
 While sacrilegious hands have best applause,  
 Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,  
 Revenge and robbery are reformation, 20  
 Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season  
 Attend me (by the law of God and reason),  
 They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.



With my own power my majesty they wound,  
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :  
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant  
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50  
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,  
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,  
If I will first fall down, and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55  
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;  
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,  
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,  
To prove the king a traitor to the state. 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,  
They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;  
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo  
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65  
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,  
 As to condemn those edicts he appointed,  
 How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate, 70  
 Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,  
 Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.

## XIV.

## THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-STUFF.

*This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c." 1684, 12mo.—To the tune of Old Simon the king.*

**R**ebellion hath broken up house,  
 And hath left me old lumber to sell;  
 Come hither, and take your choice,  
 I'll promise to use you well:  
 Will you buy the old speaker's chair? 5  
 Which was warm and easie to sit in,  
 And oft hath been clean'd I declare,  
 When as it was fouler than fitting.  
 Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will



# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 343

Will you buy any bacou-flitches, 10

The fattest, that ever were spent ?

They're the sides of the old committees,

Fed up in the long parliament.

Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,

And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um ; 15

They are made of the presbyters lungs,

To blow up the coals of rebellion.

Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once

To some black-smith for his forge ; 20

But now I have considered on't,

They are consecrate to the church :

So I'll give them unto some quire,

They will make the big organs roar,

And the little pipes to squeeke higher, 25

Than ever they could before.

Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,

One's square, and t'other is round ;

Betwixt them both the tail 30

Of the Rump fell down to the ground.

Will you buy the states council-table,

Which was made of the good wain Scot ?

The frame was a tottering Babel

To uphold the Independent plot. 35

Says old Simon, &c.



# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 345

'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt  
 Up with the Abjuration oath ; 60  
 And many of them, that have took't,  
 Complain it was foul in the mouth.  
 Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve  
 To cure the scab of the nation, 65  
 Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve  
 To Rebellion by innovation.  
 A Lanthorn here is to be bought,  
 The like was scarce ever gotten,  
 For many plots it has found out 70  
 Before they ever were thought on.  
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,  
 With which it jocky'd the nation ?  
 And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75  
 And curb of Dissimulation :  
 And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,  
 And their fair dissembling cloak,  
 And a Presbyterian jump,  
 With an Independent smock. 80  
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,  
 Which serv'd the high-court of justice,  
 And stretch'd until England it mourn'd :  
 But Hell will buy that if the worst is. 85  
 Here's

Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,  
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,  
 With which old Noll's horns she did rub,  
 When he was got drunk with false bumpers.  
 Says old Simon, &c.

90

Here's the purse of the public faith;  
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,  
 When the old wives upon their good troth,  
 Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.

Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,  
 And here are Lambert's commissions,  
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip  
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.  
 Says old Simon, &c.

95

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,  
 And here are his dray, and his slings;  
 Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles;  
 With diverse other odd things:  
 And what is the price doth belong  
 To all these matters before ye?  
 I'll sell them all for an old song,  
 And so I do end my story.  
 Says old Simon, &c.

100

105

*Ver. 86. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household, &c. See Gent. Mag. for March, 1788, p. 242.*

*Ver. 94. See Grey's Hudibras, Pt. I. Cant. 2. ver. 570, &c.*

*Ver. 100, 102. Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.*

XV.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY,

*Given (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.*

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,  
A riding along the way, fir;  
And there he met with a lady fine,  
Among the cocks of hay, fir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire, 5  
Among the grafs lye down-a:  
And I will have a special care  
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grafs there is a dewe,  
Will spoil my damask gowne, fir: 10  
My gowne, and kirtle they are newe,  
And cost me many a crowne, fir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,  
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;  
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head; 15  
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder

348      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

O yonder stands my steed so free  
 Among the cocks of hay, fir;  
 And if the pinner should chance to see,  
 He'll take my steed away, fir. 20

Upon my finger I have a ring,  
 Its made of finest gold-a;  
 And, lady, it thy steed shall bring  
 Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall; 25  
 Fair chambers there are three, fir:  
 And you shall have the best of all,  
 And I'll your chamberlaine bee, fir:

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,  
 And her on her dapple gray, fir: 30  
 And there they rode to her father's hall,  
 Fast pricking along the way, fir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;  
 'Twas moated round about-a;  
 She slipped herself within the gate, 35  
 And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,  
 And take it for your pain, fir;  
 And two of my father's men I'll send  
 To wait on you back again, fir. 40

He from his scabbard drew his brand,  
 And wiped it upon his sleeve-a:  
 And cursed, he said, be every man,  
 That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire, 45  
 And whip'd it upon her gown-a;  
 And curs'd be every maiden faire,  
 That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,  
 And some do call it rue, fir: 50  
 The smallest dunghill cock that crows,  
 Would make a capon of you, fir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,  
 Some call it mary-gold-a:  
 He that wold not when he might, 55  
 He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,  
 With cloak and hat and feather:  
 He met again with that lady gay,  
 Who was angling in the river. 60

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,  
 You shall no more escape me;  
 Remember, how not long agoe  
 You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,      65  
 And trembled at the stranger:  
 How shall I guard my maidenhead  
 From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,  
 In all his riche attyer;      70  
 And cryed, As I am a noble knight,  
 I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,  
 Who seemingly consented;  
 And would no more disputing stand:      75  
 She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,  
 Methinks I now discover  
 A riding upon his dapple gray,  
 My former constant lover.      80

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,  
 Fast by the rivers brink-a;  
 The lady pusht with all her might:  
 Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,      85  
 The bottom faire he founded;  
 Then rising up, he cried amain,  
 Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!

Now,



Now, fare-you-well, fir knight, adieu!  
 You see what comes of fooling : 90  
 That is the fittest place for you ;  
 Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,  
 Just at the close of eve-a,  
 Again she met with her angry sparke ; 95  
 Which made this lady grieve-a.

Falſe lady, here thou'rt in my my powre,  
 And no one now can hear thee :  
 And thou ſhalt forely rue the hour,  
 That e'er thou dar'dſt to jeer me. 100

I pray, fir knight, be not ſo warm  
 With a young ſilly maid-a :  
 I vow and ſwear I thought no harm,  
 'Twas a gentle jeſt I playd-a.

A gentle jeſt, in ſooth! he cry'd, 105  
 To tumble me in and leave me :  
 What if I had in the river dy'd?—  
 That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,  
 Tho' injur'd out of meaſure ; 110  
 But then prepare without delay  
 To yield thee to my pleaſure.

Well

Well then, if I must grant your suit,  
Yet think of your boots and spurs, fir :  
Let me pull off both spur and boot, 115  
Or else you cannot stir, fir.

He set him down upon the grass,  
And begg'd her kind assistance :  
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,  
I'll make you keep your distance. 120

Then pulling off his boots half-way ;  
Sir knight, now I'm your betters :  
You shall not make of me your prey ;  
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when she had served foe, 125  
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled :  
For he could neither stand nor goe,  
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, fir knight, the clock strikes ten,  
Yet do not move nor stir, fir : 130  
I'll send you my father's serving men,  
To pull off your boots and spurs, fir.

This merry jest you must excuse,  
You are but a stingless nettle :  
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes, 135  
Had you been a man of mettle.

All

All night in grievous rage he lay,  
 Rolling upon the plain-a;  
 Next morning a shepherd past that way,  
 Who set him right again-a. 140

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,  
 By hill and dale he swore-a:  
 I'll ride at once to her father's hall;  
 She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard, 145  
 I'll challenge all her kindred;  
 Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;  
 My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,  
 Which every side was moated: 150  
 The lady heard his furious vows,  
 And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,  
 Once more I will endeavour:  
 This water shall your fury 'swage, 155  
 Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,  
 She did invite a parley:  
 Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,  
 Henceforth I'll love you dearly. 160

My father he is now from home,  
 And I am all alone, fir:  
 Therefore a-croſs the water come;  
 And I am all your own, fir.

False maid, thou canſt no more deceive; 165  
 I ſcorn the treacherous bait-a:  
 If thou would'ſt have me thee believe,  
 Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,  
 My father he has the keys, fir. 170  
 But I have for my love prepar'd  
 A ſhorter way and eaſier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank  
 Full ſeventeen feet in meaſure:  
 Then ſtep a-croſs to the other bank, 175  
 And there we'll take our pleaſure.

Theſe words ſhe had no ſooner ſpoke,  
 But ſtrait he came tripping over:  
 The plank was ſaw'd, it ſnapping broke;  
 And ſou's'd the unhappy lover. 180

\* \*  
 \* \*

XVI.

WHY SO PALE?

*From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, Song IX. of this Book.*

**W**HY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prethee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prethee why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prethee why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing doe't?  
 Prethee why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her.  
 The devil take her! 15

## XVII.

## O L D T O M O F B E D L A M.

## MAD SONG THE FIRST.

*It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers; we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c.*

*Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject: as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century: the third about the middle of it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within this present century.*

*This is given from the Editor's folio MS compared with two or three old printed copies — With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Compleat Angler, cap. 3, is*  
a song

*a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. WILLIAM BASSE, one that has "made the choice songs of the HUNTER in his CAREER, "and of TOM OF BEDLAM, and many others of note," p. 84. See Sir JOHN HAWKINS's curious Edition, 8vo. of that excellent old Book.*

**F**ORTH from my fad and darksome cell,  
Or from the deepe abyffe of hell,  
Mad Tom is come into the world againe  
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule; 5  
Harke, howe the angrie Fureys houle!  
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd  
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day  
To seeke my stragglng senses, 10  
In an angrie moode I mett old Time,  
With his pentarchye of tenfes:

When me he spyed,  
Away he hyed,  
For time will stay for no man: 15  
In vaine with cryes  
I rent the skyes,  
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye;  
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye! 20

Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,  
 The carman 'gins to whistle;  
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,  
 The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,      25  
 To knocke off my troublesome shackles;  
 Bid Charles make ready his waine  
 To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;  
 Mars met Venus in the darke;      30  
 Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,  
 And furiously made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,  
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout,  
 For his broad horns did so hang in his light,      35  
 He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,  
 Stood still to see the quarrell;  
 Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, gyant-like,  
 Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.      40

To mee he dranke,  
 I did him thanke,  
 But I could get no cyder;

He



He dranke whole butts  
Till he burst his gutts,  
But mine were ne'er the wyder. 45

Poore naked Tom is very drye:  
A little drinke for charitye!

Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!  
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe: 50  
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,  
All the chafe do followe.

The man in the moone drinckes clarret,  
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,  
But a cup of old Malaga sack 55  
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XVIII.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his Poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS.

**A**M I mad, O noble Festus,  
 When zeal and godly knowledge  
 Have put me in hope  
 To deal with the pope,  
 As well as the best in the college? 5  
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
 Mitres, copes, and rochets;  
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
 And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel \* 10  
 I had my education,  
 Where my friends surmise  
 I dazel'd my eyes  
 With the sight of revelation.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam, 15  
 They lash'd my four poor quarters;  
 Whilst this I endure,  
 Faith makes me sure  
 To be one of Foxes martyrs.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer 20  
 Through antichrist's perswasion:

\* Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans.

Take off this chain,  
Neither Rome nor Spain  
Can resist my strong invasion.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!) 35  
I have knock'd off three already ;  
If they let me alone  
I'll leave him none :  
But they say I am too heady.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 30  
I met the great red dragon ;  
I kept him aloof  
With the armour of proof,  
Though here I have never a rag on.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, 35  
There fought I with this monster :  
But the sons of pride  
My zeal deride,  
And all my deeds misconster.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40  
With the lance of Inspiration ;  
I made

I made her stink,  
 And spill the drink  
 In her cup of abomination.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45  
 With a flying book \* between them.  
 I have been in despair  
 Five times in a year,  
 And been cur'd by reading Greenham †.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's tables ‡ 50  
 The black line of damnation ;  
 Those crooked veins  
 So stuck in my brains,  
 That I fear'd my reprobation,  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

\* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zeeb. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's Athen. Vol. II. p. 501. He was author of a book, intitled, "The Fiery Flying Roll;" and afterwards published a Recantation, part of whose title is, "The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings clipt," &c.

† See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particularly the tract intitled, "A sweet Comfort for an afflicted Conscience."

‡ See Perkins's Works, fol. 1616, Vol. I. p. 11; where is a large half-sheet folded, containing, "A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c." the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

In the holy tongue of Canaan 55

I plac'd my chieftest pleasure:

Till I prick'd my foot

With an Hebrew root,

That I bled beyond all measure.

Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop \*, 60

And all the high commission;

I gave him no grace,

But told him to his face,

That he favour'd superstition.

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
Mitres, copes, and rochets: 66

Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
And fill your heads with crotchets,

\* *Abp. Laud.*

## XIX.

## THE LUNATIC LOVER,

## MAD SONG THE THIRD,

—*is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black letter.*

**G**RIM king of the ghosts, make haste,  
 And bring hither all your train;  
 See how the pale moon does waste,  
 And just now is in the wane.  
 Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,      5  
 And revelling witches away,  
 And hug me close in your arms;  
 To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,  
 Since love does distract my brain:      10  
 I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,  
 And kiss her, and kiss her again:

# ANCIENT POEMS. 365

But if she prove peevish and proud,  
 Then, a pife on her love! let her go;  
 I'll seek me a winding shroud, 15  
 And down to the shades below,

A lunacy sad I endure,  
 Since reason departs away;  
 I call to those hags for a cure  
 As knowing not what I say. 20  
 The beauty, whom I do adore,  
 Now flights me with scorn and disdain;  
 I never shall see her more:  
 Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about 25  
 To find out my charming faint;  
 While she at my grief does flout,  
 And smiles at my loud complaint.  
 Distraction I see is my doom,  
 Of this I am now too sure; 30  
 A rival is got in my room,  
 While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,  
 While wandering in despair,  
 I am to the desarts lead, 35  
 Expecting to find her there.

Methinks

Methinks in a spangled cloud  
 I see her enthroned on high;  
 Then to her I crie aloud,  
 And labour to reach the sky. 40

When thus I have raved awhile,  
 And wearyed myself in vain,  
 I lye on the barren foil,  
 And bitterly do complain.  
 Till slumber hath quieted me, 45  
 In sorrow I sigh and weep;  
 The clouds are my canopy  
 To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair  
 Is then in my rival's bed, 50  
 Whose tresses of golden hair  
 Are on the fair pillow bespread.  
 Then this doth my passion inflame,  
 I start, and no longer can lie:  
 Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame 55  
 To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,  
 And hurry me hence away,  
 My languishing life to you  
 A tribute I freely pay. 60

To



To the elysian shades I post  
 In hopes to be freed from care,  
 Where many a bleeding ghost  
 Is hovering in the air.

XX.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of TOM D'URFEY'S comedies of *Don Quixote* acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as 1. suddenly mad: 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXII. are printed from D'urfey's "*Pills to purge Melancholy*," 1719, vol. I.

FROM roſie bowers, where ſleeps the god of love,  
 Hither ye little wanton cupids fly;  
 Teach me in ſoft melodious ſtrains to move  
 With tender paſſion my heart's darling joy:  
 Ah! let the ſoul of muſick tune my voice,  
 To win dear Strephon, who my ſoul enjoys.

Or,

Or, if more influencing  
 Is to be brisk and airy,  
 With a step and a bound,  
 With a frisk from the ground,      10  
 I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing  
 Were three celestial bodies :  
 With an air, and a face,  
 And a shape, and a grace,      15  
 I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! 'tis in vain ! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain !  
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain :  
 Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,  
 Falls on my breast ; bleak winds in tempests blow ; 20  
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow :  
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,  
 Shall I thaw myself, and drown      25  
 Among the foaming billows ?  
 Increasing all with tears I shed,  
 On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,  
 Lay down, lay down my lovesick head ?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad,      30  
 That soon my heart will warm ;

Whe

When once the sense is fled, is fled,  
 Love has no power to charm.  
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,  
 Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore! 35  
 A thousand, thousand times I'll dye  
 Ere thus, thus, in vain,——ere thus in vain adore,

XXI.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—was written by HENRY CAREY, a celebrated composer of Music at the beginning of this century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the “Companion to the Play-house,” &c. The sprightliness of this Songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was affected by his own hand. In his POEMS, 410. Lond. 1720, may be seen another Mad-Song of this author, beginning thus :

“Gods! I can never this endure,  
 “Death alone must be my cure,” &c.

I Go to the Elysian shade,  
 Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;  
 Where nothing shall my rest invade,  
 But joy shall still surround me.



# ANCIENT POEMS. 371

And grumbling, and growling  
Strike the ear with horrid woe. 30

Hissing snakes,  
Fiery lakes  
Would be a pleasure, and a cure:  
Not all the hells,  
Where Pluto dwells, 35  
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,  
On a mossy carpet lay me,  
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,  
Let me die, and so have ease! 40

## XXII.

### THE FRANTIC LADY,

#### MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

*This, like Num. XX, was originally sung in one of D'URFEY'S Comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694) and was probably composed by that popular Songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.*

*This is printed in the "H. v., a Collection of Songs," 4 vols. 1721, 12mo. where may be found two or three other MAD SONGS not admitted into these Volumes.*

**I** Burn, my brain consumes to ashes!  
 Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!  
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,  
 Which, in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler!  
 Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,  
 'Tis sultry weather,  
 Pour them all on my soul,  
 It will hiss like a coal,  
 But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride hot as hell,  
 That first made me rebell,  
 From love's awful throne a curst anger I fell;  
 And mourn now my fate,  
 Which myself did create:  
 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!  
 Off ye vain fantastic toys!  
 That dress this face—this body—to allure!  
 Bring me daggers, poison, fire!  
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire.  
 All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII.

LILLI BURLERO.

*The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.*

*"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, "Lero, lero, liliburlero," that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Burnet.*

*It was written, or at least republished, on the earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by K. James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland," 1691, 4to.*

*LILLIBURLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.*

**H**O! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?  
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,  
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5  
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:  
Lilli, &c.

And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.  
Lilli, &c. 10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,  
Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.  
Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope, 15  
Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Migna Charta, and dem in a rope.  
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,  
Lilli, &c. 20

And with brave lads is coming aboard:  
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,  
Lilli, &c.

*Ver. 7. Ho by my shoul. al. ed.*

Dat



# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 375

Dat dey will have no protestant heir. 25  
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?  
Lilli, &c.

Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.  
Lilli, &c. 30

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,  
Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions gillore.  
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mafs, 35  
Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, and look like an afs.  
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,  
Lilli, &c. 40

By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.  
Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,  
Lilli, &c.

"Ireland shall be rul'd by an afs, and a dog." 45  
Lilli, &c.

*Ver. 43. What follows is not in some copies.*

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,

Lilli, &c.

For Talbot's de dog, and JA\*\*s is de afs.

Lilli, &c.

\* \* *The foregoing Song is attributed to Lord WHARTON in a small pamphlet, intitled, "A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Q. Elizabeth's birth-day, &c" 3<sup>d</sup>. ed. Lond. 1712. pr. 2d.—See p. 5, viz.—"A late Viceroy [of Ireland,] wh. has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain Lilliburlero Song; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms."*

#### XXIV.

#### THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

*—was written by William Hamilton, of Bungour, Esq; who died March 25, 1754, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish Ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza.*

A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,

And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where

*B.* Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? 5

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

*A.* I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow; 10

Nor let thy heart lament to leive

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?

Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen 15

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

*A.* Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;

And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow. 20

For she has tint her luvèr, luvèr dear,

Her luvèr dear, the cause of sorrow;

And I hae slain the comliest swain

That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid? 25

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?

And why yon melancholious weids

Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow! 30

O 'tis he the comely fwain I flew

Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;

And wrap his limbs in mourning weids, 35

And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;

And weep around in waeful wise

His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow. 40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,

His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to lue? 45

And warn from fight? but to my sorrow

Too rashly bauld a stronger arm

Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows  
the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, 50

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 379

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,  
 As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,  
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk, 55  
 The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy luvè,  
 In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;  
 Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again  
 Than me he never luv'd thee better. 60

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, and luvè me on the banks of Tweed,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride? 65  
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
 How luvè him upon the banks of Tweed,  
 That slew my luvè on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,  
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70  
 For there was basely slain my luvè,  
 My luvè, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:  
 Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd 75  
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The

380.      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,  
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :  
 But ere the toofall of the night  
 He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.      80

Much I rejoyc'd that wae'ful wae'ful day ;  
 I sang, my voice the woods returning :  
 But lang ere night the spear was floun,  
 That flew my luvie, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,      85  
 But with his cruel rage pursue me ?  
 My luvie's blood is on thy spear,  
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud  
 With cruel, and ungentle scoffin',      90  
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes  
 My luvie nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,  
 And strive with threatning words to move me :  
 My luvie's blood is on thy spear,      95  
 How canst thou ever bid me luvie thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvie,  
 With bridal sheets my body cover,  
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
 Let in the expected husband lover.      100  
 But

But who the expected husband husband is?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon

Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 10

O lay his cold head on my pillow;

Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,

And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,

O could my warmth to life restore thee! 110

Yet lye all night between my breists,

No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lye all night between my breists, 115

No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,

Return and dry thy useles sorrow:

Thy luvr heeds none of thy sighs,

He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow. 120

## XXV.

## ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST,

—was a Party Song written by the ingenious author of LEONIDAS \*, on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon. Nov. 22, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April 1720, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

AS near Porto-Bello lying  
On the gently swelling flood,  
At midnight with streamers flying  
Our triumphant navy rode;

\* An ingenious Correspondent informs the Editor, that this Ballad hath been also attributed to the late Lord Bath.



# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 383

There while Vernon fate all-glorious 5  
 From the Spaniards' late defeat :  
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
 Drank success to England's fleet :

On a sudden shrilly sounding,  
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ; 10  
 Then each heart with fear confounding,  
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,  
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,  
 And with looks by sorrow clouded. 15  
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
 When the shade of Hosier brave  
 His pale bands was seen to muster  
 Rising from their watry grave. 20  
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,  
 Where the Burford \* rear'd her sail,  
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story, 25  
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,  
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,  
 At this place where I was lost !

\* *Admiral Vernon's ship.*

Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin

You now triumph free from fears, 30  
When you think on our undoing,  
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping

Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping; 35  
These were English captains brave.  
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,  
Those were once my sailors bold:  
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told. 40

I, by twenty sail attended,

Did this Spanish town affright;  
Nothing then its wealth defended  
But my orders not to fight.  
Oh! that in this rolling ocean 45  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion  
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,

But with twenty ships had done 50  
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast achiev'd with six alone.

Then

Then the bastimentos never  
 Had our foul dishonour seen,  
 Nor the sea the sad receiver 55  
 Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
 And her galleons leading home,  
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,  
 I had met a traitor's doom, 60  
 To have fallen, my country crying  
 He has play'd an English part,  
 Had been better far than dying  
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory, 65  
 Thy successful arms we hail;  
 But remember our sad story,  
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.  
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
 Think what thousands fell in vain, 70  
 Wasted with disease and anguish,  
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending  
 From their oozy tombs below,  
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending, 75  
 Here I feed my constant woe:

Here the bastimentos viewing,  
 We recal our shameful doom,  
 And our plaintive cries renewing,  
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

80

O'er these waves for ever mourning  
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,  
 If to Britain's shores returning  
 You neglect my just request;  
 After this proud foe subduing,  
 When your patriot friends you see,  
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
 And for England sham'd in me.

85

## XXVI.

## J E M M Y D A W S O N.

JAMES DAWSON was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746.—This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

COME

COME listen to my mournful tale,  
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;  
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, 5  
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
 For thou canst weep at every woe,  
 And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,  
 A brighter never trod the plain; 10  
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,  
 Of gentle blood the damsel came,  
 And faultless was her beauteous form, 15  
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
 That led the faithful youth astray  
 The day the rebel clans appear'd:  
 O had he never seen that day! 20

Their colours and their fash he wore,  
 And in the fatal dress was found;  
 And now, he must that death endure,  
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek, . 25  
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!  
For never yet did Alpine snows  
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,  
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,  
Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,  
And bring relief to **Jemmy's** woes,  
**O GEORGE**, without a prayer for thee  
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life  
Would crown a never-dying flame,  
And every tender babe I bore  
Should learn to list the giver's name. 40

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd  
To yonder ignominious tree,  
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend  
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd, 45  
The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;  
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 389

She followed him, prepar'd to view  
 The terrible behests of law; 50  
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes  
 With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,  
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long:  
 And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55  
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,  
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:  
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
 On which her love-sick head repos'd: 60

And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
 She did to every heart prefer;  
 For tho' it could his king forget,  
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65  
 She bore this constant heart to see;  
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
 Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show  
 The pure and lasting love I bore: 70  
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,  
 And let us, let us weep no more.

390      A N C I E N T P O E M S.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;  
The maid drew back her languid head,      75  
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, and so true.      80

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A. GLOS-



## A G L O S S A R Y

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN  
VOLUME THE SECOND.

*Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.*

## A

**A** Deid of nicht, s. *in dead of night.*

Aboven ous, *above us.*

Advoutry, Advouterous, *adulter, adulterous.*

Aff, s. *off.*

Ahte, *ought.*

Aith, s. *oath.*

Al, p. 5, *albeit, although.*

Alemaigne, f. *Germany.*

Alyes, p. 28, *probably corrupted for algates, always.*

Ancient, a *flag, banner.*

Angel, a *gold coin worth 10s.*

Ant, *and.*

Aplyht, p. 10, *al aplyht, quite complete.*

Argabuihe, *barquebussé, an old-fashioned kind of musket.*

Ase, *as.*

Attowre, s. *out over, over and above.*

Azein, *agein, against.*

Azont the ingle, s. p. 61, *beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room\*.*

## B.

Bairded, s. *bearded.*

Bairn, s. *child.*

Bale, *evil, mischief, misery.*

Balow, s. *a nursery term, bush lullaby! &c.*

Ban, *curse, banning, cursing.*

Battes, *heavy sticks, clubs.*

Bayard, *a noted blind horse in the old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Aymon rode, is*

\* In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages, they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow-window: the fire is in a grate, like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room. (MR. LAMBE.)

- called Bayard Montalbon, by Skelton in his "*Phillip Sparrow*."
- Be, s. *by*, Be that, *by that time*.
- Bearn, hairn, s. *child*: also *human creature*.
- Bed, p. 9, *bade*.
- Bede, p. 17, *offer, engage*.
- Befall, p. 72, *befallen*.
- Befoir, s. *before*.
- Belive, *immediately, presently*.
- Ben, s. *within, the inner-room*, p. 62\*.
- Ben, p. 11, *be, are*.
- Bene, p. 12, *bean, an expression of contempt*.
- Beoth, p. 7, *be, are*.
- Ber the prys, p. 7, *bare the prize*.
- Berys, *beareth*.
- Besprent, *besprinkled*.
- Bested, p. 275, *abode*.
- Bewraies, *discovers, betrays*.
- Bet, *better*. Bett, *did beat*.
- Bi mi leauté, *by my loyalty, bonesty*.
- Birk, s. *birch-tree*.
- Blan, blanne, d.d, blin, i.e. *linger, stop*.
- Blee, *complexion*.
- Blent, p. 144, *ceased*.
- Blink, s. *a glimpse of light: the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance*.
- Boist, boisteris, s. *boast, boasters*.
- Bollys, p. 17, *bowls*.
- Bonny, s. *handsome, comely*.
- Boote, *gain, advantage*.
- Bot, s. *but: sometimes it seems used for 'both', or 'besides', 'more-over'*.
- Bot, s. *without*. Bot dreid, *without dread, i.e. certainly*.
- Bougils, s. *bugle horns*.
- Bowne, *ready*.
- Braes of Yarrow, s. *the billy banks of the river Yarrow*.
- Brade, braid, s. *broad*.
- Braifly, s. *bravely*.
- Braw, s. *brave*.
- Brayd, s. *arose, hastened*.
- Brayd attowre the bent, s. *hastened over the field*.
- Brede, *breadth*. So Chauc.
- Brenand drake, p. 19, *may perhaps be the same as a fire-drake, or firey serpent, a meteor or fire-work so called: Here it seems to signify "burning embers, or fire-brands"*.
- Brimme, *public, universally known*, A. S. *bryme, idem*.
- Brook her with winne, *enjoy her with pleasure*, p. 16. A. S. *brok*.
- Brouch, *an ornamental trinket: a stone-buckle for a woman's breast, &c.* Vid. *Brooche, Gloss. Vol. III.*
- Brozt, *brought*.
- Buen, bueth, been, be, are.
- Buik, s. *book*.
- Burgens, *buds, young shoots*.
- Busk ye, s. *dress ye*.
- But, *without, but let, without hindrance*.
- Bute, s. *boot, advantage, good*.
- Butt, s. *out, the outer room*.

\* "BUT o' house" means the outer part of the house, outer-room; viz that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose, from the street. "BEN o' house," is the inner-room, or more retired part of the house.—The daughter did not lie out of doors.—The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a BUT, and a BEN. (Vid. Gloss. to Vol. III.) Mr. LAMBE.

## C.

Cadgily, *s. merrily, chearfully.*  
 Caliver, *a kind of musket.*  
 Can curtesye, *know, understand good manners.*  
 Cannes, *p. 21, wooden cups, bowls.*  
 Cantabanqui, *Ital. ballad-singers, singers on benches.*  
 Can'y, *s. chearful, chatty.*  
 Cantles, *pieces, corners.*  
 Capul, *a poor horse.*  
 Carle, *churl, clown. It is also used in the North for a strong bale old man.*  
 Carline, *s. the feminine of Carle.*  
 Carpe, *to speak, recite: also, to censure.*  
 Carping, *reciting.*  
 Chayne, *p. 65, Cain.*  
 Che, *(Somerset dialect.) I.*  
 Cheis, *s. choose.*  
 Cheefe, *p. 21, the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*  
 Chill, *(Som dial.) I will.*  
 Chould, *(ditto) I would.*  
 Chylded, *brought forth, was delivered.*  
 Chylder, *children, children's.*  
 Clattered, *beat so as to rattle.*  
 Clead, *s. clad, cloath.*  
 Clenking, *clinking, jingling.*  
 Clepe, *call.*  
 Cohorted, *incited, exhorted.*  
 Cokeney, *p. 24. seems to be a diminutive for Cook; from the Latin Coquinator, or Coquinarius. The meaning seems to be, that "Every Five and Five" had a Cook or Scullion to attend "them." Chaucer's Cant. Tales, 8vo Vol. IV. p. 253.*  
 Cold rost, *(a phrase) nothing to the purpose.*  
 Com, *p. 8, came.*  
 Con, can, gan, *began. Item.*

Con springe *(a phrase) sprung,*  
 Con fare, *went, passed.*  
 Coote, *p. 251, (note) coat.*  
 Cop, *head, the top of anything. Sax.*  
 Cost, *coast, side.*  
 Cotydyallye, *daily, every day.*  
 Covetise, *covetousness.*  
 Could hear, *a phrase for bare.*  
 Could creip, *s. crept.* Could say, *said.* Could weip, *s. wept.*  
 Could his good, *p. 257, Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*  
 Couthen, *p. 9, knew.*  
 Croft, *an inclosure near a house.*  
 Croiz, *crisi.*  
 Crook my knee, *p. 64, make lame my knee. They say in the north, "The horse is crookit," i. e. lame. "The horse crooks," i. e. goes lame.*  
 Crouneth, *p. 8, crown ye.*  
 Crumpling, *crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.*  
 Cule, *s. cool.*  
 Cummer, *s. gossip, friend, fr.*  
 Commere, *c. mpere.*  
 Cure, *care, heed, regard.*

## D.

Dale, *s. deal, p. 75, bot give I dale, un'efs I deal.*  
 Dampned, *damned.*  
 Dan, *p. 11, an ancient title of respect; from Lat. Dominus.*  
 Danske, *p. 24, Denmark, query.*  
 Darh, *p. 10, perhaps for Thar, there.*  
 Darr'd, *s. bit.*  
 Dart the trie, *s. bit the tree.*  
 Daukin, *diminutive of David.*  
 Daunger hault, *cyness baldeth.*

Deare

Deare day, *charming, pleasant day.*

Dede is do, p. 31, *deed is done.*

Deere, *burt, mischiefs.*

Deerlye dight, *richly fitted out.*

Deimt, s. *deem'd, esteem'd.*

Deir, s. *dear.* Item, *burt, trouble, disturb.*

Dele, *deal.*

Denie, *deemed, judge, doomed.*

Dent, p. 17, *a dint, blow.*

Deol, *dole, grief.*

Dere, *deere, dear: also burt.*

Derked, *darkened.*

Dern, s. *secret, p. 75.* I' dern, *in secret.*

Devyz *devise, the act of bequeathing by will.*

Deze, *dye, die.*

Dight, *dicht, s. decked, dressed, prepared, fitted out, done.*

Dill, *still, calm, mitigate.*

Dol, *see Deol, Dule.*

Don, p. 19, *down.*

Doughtiness of dent, *sturdiness of blows.*

Doz-tough, *a dough-trough, a kneading trough, p. 20.*

Dotter, *daughter.*

Drie, s. *suffer.*

Drowe, *drew.*

Drake, *see Brenand Drake.*

Dryng, *drink.*

Dude, *did.* Dudest, *didst.*

Dule, s. *duel, dol, dole, grief.*

Dyce, s. *dice, chequer-work,*

Dyht, p. 10, *to dispose, order.*

Dine, s. p. 98, *dinner.*

Dyzt, *vid. dght.*

## E.

Fard, e. *earth*

Earn, s. *to curdle, make cheese.*

Eked, s. p. 76, *added, enlarged.*

Elvish, *peevish:—fantastical.*

Eme, *kinsman, uncle.*

Ene, s. *eyn, eyes.* Ene, s. *even.*

Enfue, *follow.*

Entendement, s. *understanding.*

Ententifly, *to the intent, purposely.*

Er, ere, *before, p. 16, are.* Ere, *ear,*

Ettled, *aimed.*

## F.

Fader, *Fatheris, s. father, fathers.*

Fair of feir, s. *of a fair and healthful look (Ramsay). Perhaps, far off (free from) fear.*

Falſing, *dealing in falsehood.*

Fang, p. 23, *seize, carry off.*

Fannes, p. 21, *instruments for winnowing corn.*

Fare, *go, pass, travel.*

Fare, *the price of a passage: p. 86, shot, reckoning.*

Fauzt, *faucht; s. fought. Item fight.*

Fell, s. p. 78, *fele, many.* So Hardinge has *Lords fele, i. e. many Lords, c. 239.*

Felay, *feloy, p. 21, fellow.*

Fele, *tell, furious, p. 21, skin.*

Fend, *defend.*

Fere, *fear. Item, companion, wife.*

Ferhet, s. *wondered.*

Ferly, *wonder; also, wonderful.*

Fey, s. *predestinated to death, or some misfortune; under a fatality.*

Feztyng, *fighting.*

Fie, s. *beasts, cattle.*

Firih, *Finch, s. p. 77, a wood. It an arm of the Sea, l. fretum.*

Fit, s. *foot.*

Fitt, *division, part. See p. 174—177\*.*

\* FITTS, i. e. "divisions or parts in music" are alluded to in *Troilus and Cressida*, A. III. sc. 1. See Mr. STEEVENS'S A. te.

Fles, p. 20, *fleece*.  
 Fleyke, p. 122, *a large kind of bundle: Cows are frequently milked in bovells made of Fleyks*.  
 Flowan, s. *flowing*.  
 Fond, *contrive: also, endeavour, try*.  
 Force, p. 140, *no force, no matter*.  
 Forced, *regarded, beeded*.  
 Forefend, *avert, hinder*.  
 For-fought, p. 22, *over-fought*.  
 Forwatcht, *over-watched, kept awake*.  
 Fors, p. 12. *I do no fors, I don't care*.  
 Forst, p. 69, *beeded, regarded*.  
 Fowkin, *a cant word for a fart*.  
 Fox't, *drunk*.  
 Frae thay begin, p. 75, *from their beginning, from the time they begin*.  
 Freers, fryars, friars, monks.  
 Freake, freeke, freyke, *man, human creature*.  
 Freyke, p. 125, *humour, indulge freakishly, capriciously*.  
 Freyned, *asked*.  
 Frie, s. *fre, free*.

## G.

G2, gais, s. *go, goes*.  
 Gaberlunzie, gaberlunzie, s. *a wallet*.  
 Gaberlunzie-man, s. *a wallet-man, i.e. tinker, beggar*.  
 Gadlings, gadders, *idle fellows*.  
 Gadryng, *gathering*.  
 Galliard, *a sprightly kind of dance*.

Gar, s. *to make, cause, &c.*  
 Gayed, *made gay (their cloaths)*.  
 Gear, geire, geir, gair, s. *goods, effects, stuff*.  
 Geere will sway, p. 191, *this matter will turn out; affair terminate*.  
 Gederede ys host, *gathered his host*.  
 Gef, geve, *give*.  
 Gest, p. 279, *act, feat, story, history. (It is Jest in MS.)*  
 Gie, gien, s. *give, given*.  
 Gillore, (*Irish*) *plenty*.  
 Gimp, jimp, s. *neat, slender*.  
 Girt, s. *pierced. Throughgirt, p. 71, pierced through*.  
 Give, s. *gif, giff, p. 75, if*.  
 Glaive, f. *sword*.  
 Glen, s. *a narrow valley*.  
 Glie, s. *glee, merriment, joy*.  
 Glist, s. *glistered*.  
 Gode, godness, good, goodness.  
 God before, p. 82, i. e. *God be thy guide: a form of blessing* \*.  
 Good, p. 85, *se. a good deal*.  
 Good-e'ens, *good-evenings*.  
 Gorget, *the dress of the neck*.  
 Gowan, s. *the common yellow crow-foot, or goldcup*.  
 Graithed (gowden), s. *was caparisoned with gold*.  
 Graythed, p. 17, s. *decked, put on*.  
 Gree, f. *prize, victory*.  
 Greened, *grew green*.  
 Gret, p. 9, *great*; p. 8, *grieved, swollen, ready to burst*.  
 Grippel *gripping, tenacious, miserly*.  
 Grownes, grounds, p. 244, (*rythmi gratia. Vid. Sowne*)

\* So in Shakespear's K. HEN. V. (A. 3, sc. 8.) the King says,  
 "My army's but a weak and tickly guard;  
 "Yet, GOD BEFORE, tell him we will come on,"

**Growte**; p. 244, *In Northamptonshire is a kind of small-beer, extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor\*.*

**Grype**, a griffin.

**Gyrd**, p. 18. *girded, lashed, &c.*

**Gybe**, jest, joke.

**Gyles**, s. guiles.

**Gyn**, engine, contrivance.

**Gyse**, s. guise, form, fashion.

## H.

**Ha**, have; **ha**, s. hall.

**Habbe**, afe he brew, p. 4, *have as he brews.*

**Haggis**, s. a sheep's stomach, stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.

**Hail**, hale, s. whole, altogether.

**Halt**, boldeth.

**Hame**, hamward, home, homeward.

**Han**, have, 3 pers. plur.

**Hare** . . swerdes, p. 4, *their . . swords.*

**Harnisine**, harness, armour.

**Harrowed**, barasted, disturbed.

**Harwos**, barrowus.

**Hav**, have.

**Haves** (of), effects, substance, riches.

**Hawkin**, synonymous to **Halkin**, dimin. of **Harry**.

**He**, p. 21, *hie, hasten.*

**Hech**, p. 23, *batch, small door.*

**Hede**, p. 17, *bied*; p. 8, *be'd, he would*; p. 36, *beed.*

**Hed**, lead.

**Heare**, here; p. 69, *hair.*

**Heil**, s. hele, health.

**Hecht** to lay thee law, s. *promised, engaged to lay thee law.*

**Heicht**, s. height.

**Heiding-hill**, s. the 'beading [*i. e. beheading*] bill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial billock.

**Helen**, heal.

**Helpeth**, help ye.

**Hem**, them.

**Henne**, hence.

**Heut**, hente, held, laid bold of; also, received.

**Her**, pp. 17, 23, 29, *their.*

**Here**, p. 5, *their*; p. 65, *bear*; p. 38, *hair.*

**Herkeneth**, bearken ye.

**Hert**, hertis, leart, hearts.

**Hes**, s. has.

**Het**, hot.

**Hether**, s. heath, a low shrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly, as to choak the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire; the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile in p. 107. (Mr. Hutchinson)

**Heuch**, s. a rock or steep bill.

**Hevede**, hevedest, bad, badst.

**Heveriche**, hevenriche, heaven-ly, p. 8.

**Heynd**, hend, gentle, obliging.

**Heyze**, bigb; **Heyd**, s. *bied.*

**H'icht**; a-licht, s. on height.

**Hie** dames to wail, s. p. 105, *bigb [or, great] ladies to wail; or, hasten ladies to wail, &c.*

\* **GROWTE** is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being boiled groats (*i. e.* hulled oats) or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it. (Mr. LAMBE.)

Hight, *promised, engaged: also, nam'd.*

Hilt, *taken off, flayed.* Sax. hyl dan.

Hinch-boys, hench- (*properly hauch*) men, *pages of honour: pages attending on persons of office.*

Hind, *s. behind.*

Hinny, *s. honey.*

Hit, *it; hit be write, p. 8, it be written.*

Holden, *bold.*

Holtis hair, *s. p. 78, bear bills.*

Holy-roode, *boly cross.*

Honden wrynge, *bands wring.*

Hop-halt, *limping; bopping, and balting.*

Houze, *give the sacrament.*

Howeres, *howers, hours.*

Huerte, *heart.*

Hye, *huest, high, bighest.*

Hynd attowre, *s. behind, over, or about.*

Hyp-halt, *lame in the hip.*

Hys, *his; also, is.*

Hyt, *hytt, it.*

Hyznes, *highnes.*

## I.

Janglers, *talkative persons, tell-tales. Also, wranglers.*

I-fere, *together.*

I-lore, *left. I strike, stricken.*

I-trowe, [*I believe,*] *verily.*

I-wisse, [*I know,*] *verily.*

Ich, *I. Ich biqueth, I bequeath.*

Jenkin, *diminutive of John.*

Ilk; *this ilk, s. this same.*

Ilke, *p. 18, every ilke, every one.*

Ilk one, *each one.*

Illfardly, *s. ill-favour'dly, uglily.*

Inowe, *enough.*

Into, *s. in.*

Jo, *s. sweet-heart, friend. Io is properly the contraction of Joy, so rejoice is written rejoice in old Scottish MSS. particularly Banatynes, passion.*

Io forth, *p. 20, corruptly printed so, should probably be loo, i. e. halloo.*

Is, *p. 4, his.*

Ise; *s. I shall.*

Its neir, *s. p. 100, it shall ne'er.*

Jupe, *s. p. 106, an upper garment; tr. a petticoat.*

## K.

Kauk, *s. chalk.*

Keipand, *s. keeping.*

Keel, *p. 63, s. radlle.*

Kempes, *soldiers, warriors.*

Kend, *s. knew.*

Kene, *keen.*

Kid, kyd, kithed, *made known, shown.*

Kind, kinde, *nature, p. 15. To carp is our kind, it is natural for us to talk of.*

Kirm, *s. churn.*

Kists, *s. chests.*

Kith and Kin, *acquaintance and kindred.*

Kowe, *p. 17, cow.*

Kye, *kine, cows.*

Kirtel, *kirtle, petticoat.*

Kythe, *appear; also, make appear, shew, declare.*

Kythed, *s. appeared.*

## L.

Lane, lain, *s. lone; her lane, alone, by herself.*

Laide unto her, *p. 256, imputed to her.*

Laise, *left.*

Layne,

Layne, *lien*: also, *laid*.  
 Leek, p. 70, *phrase of contempt*.  
 Leal, leil, s. *loyal, honest, true*;  
     f. *loyal*.  
 Leiman, leman, *lover, mistress*.  
 Leir, s. *lere, learn*.  
 Lenger, *longer*.  
 Lengeth in, p. 276, *resideth in*.  
 Lett, latte, *binder, p. 21, slacken*,  
     *leave off*; late, *let*.  
 Lever, *rather*.  
 Leves and bowes, *leaves and*  
     *boughs*.  
 Leuch, leugh, s. *laugbed*.  
 Leyke, like, *play*, pp. 125, 278.  
 Lie, s. *lee, p. 109, field, plain*.  
 Liege-men, *vassals, subjects*.  
 Lightly, *easily*.  
 Live, *flesh, complexion*.  
 Lodye, p. 52, *loathsome*. *Vid.*  
     *Gifs vol. III. 40thly*.  
 Lo'e, s. *love*.  
 Lolu, . . . (*Ballad I. v. 45.*)  
 Loo, *baloo*!  
 Lore, *lesson, doctrine, learning*.  
 Lore, *lost*.  
 Lorrel, *a jerry, worthless person*.  
 Lose', *ditto*.  
 Loud and still, *pbr. at all times*.  
 Lought, lowe, lugh, p. 23, *laugbed*.  
 Lowas, s. p. 102, *blazes*. *Ra-*  
     *tber app'ed to windy, boisterous*.  
 Lowte, *hnt, bow, sloop*.  
 Lude, in'd, luivt, s. *loved*.  
 Luef, *love*.  
 Luiks, s. *look*.  
 Lyard, p. 16, *Grey: a name given*  
     *to a horse from its grey colour, as*  
     *Bayard from bay*.

Lys, *lies*.  
 Lythe, p. 175, *easy, gentle*.  
 Lyven na more, *live no more, no*  
     *longer*.  
 Lyzt, *light*.

## M.

Maden, *made*.  
 Making, p. 46, *sc. verses: versifi-*  
     *ying*.  
 Marrow, s. *equal*.  
 Mart, s. *marred, hurt, damaged*.  
 Mane, maining, s. *moan, moan-*  
     *ing*.  
 Mangonel, *an engine used for dis-*  
     *charging great stones, arrows,*  
     *&c. before the invention of gun-*  
     *powder*.  
 Margarite, *a pearl, lat*.  
 Maugre, p. 4, *spite of, p. 75, ill-*  
     *will (I incur.)*  
 Maze, *a labyrinth\*, any thing*  
     *intangled or intricate*.  
 Me, p. 9, *men*. Me con, *men'gam*.  
 Me-thuncketh, *methinks*.  
 Mean, *moderate, middle-sized*.  
 Meit, s. *meet, fit, proper*.  
 Meid, s. p. 105, *mood*.  
 Meise, s. *soften, reduce, mitigate,*  
     p. 108.  
 Mell, *honey: also, meddle, mingle*.  
 Menfe the faught, s. p. 105,  
     *measure the battle*. To give to  
     the menfe, *is, to give above*  
     *the measure*. Twelve and one  
     to the menfe, *is common with*  
     *children in their play*.

\* On the top of Catharine-hill, Winchester (the usual play-place of the school), was a very perplexed and winding path, running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a MIZ-MAZE. The senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent.

Menzie,



Menzie, s. meaney, *retinue, company.*

Messenger, f. *messenger.*

Minnny, s. *mother.*

Minke, s. *dark, black.*

Mirry, s. *meri, merry.*

Miskaryed, *miscarried.*

Mister, s. *to need.*

Mo, moe, *more.*

Moiening, *by means of, fr.*

Mome, a *dull, stupid person.*

Mone, *moon.*

More, mure, s. *moor, beatb, marshy ground; also wild bill, p. 4, mores ant the fenne, q. d. bill and dale.*

Morne, p. 75, to morn, to *morrow: in the morning.*

Mornyng, p. 45, *mourning.*

Mote I thee, *might I thrive.*

Mowe, *may; mou, s. mouth.*

Muchele bofst, *mickle boast, great boast.*

Mude, s. *mood.*

Mulne, *mill.*

Murne, murnt, *murning, s. mourn, mourned, mourning.*

Myzt, myzty, *might, mighty.*

## N.

Nathelefs, *nevertheless.*

Near, s. *ner, nere, ne'er, never.*

Neat, *oxen, cows, large cattle.*

Neatherd, a *keeper of cattle.*

Neatresse, a *female ditto.*

Nere, p. 276, *ne were; were it not for.*

Nest, nyest, *next, nearest.*

Noble, a *gold coin in value 20 groats, or 6s. 8d.*

Nollys, p. 17, *noddles, beads.*

Nom, p. 9, *took. Nome, name.*

Non, *nene. None, noon.*

Nonce, *purpose; for the nonce, for the occasion.*

Norse, s. *Norway.*

Nou, *now.*

Nout; nocht, s. *nought; also, not.*

Nout, p. 10, *seems for 'ne mought.'*

Nowght, *nought.*

Nowls, *noddles, beads.*

Noye, p. 22. v. 175, *annoy; query.*

Nozt, *nought, not, p. 20.*

Nyzt, *night.*

## O.

Ocht, s. *ought.*

Oferlyng, *superior, paramount; opposed to underling, p. 4.*

On, p. 45, *one, an.*

On-lot, p. 18, *aloft.*

Onys, *once.*

Or, *ere, before.*

Orisons, s. *prayers, irusions.*

On, oure, p. 7, *you, you, 'bid. our.*

Out alas! *exclamation of grief.*

Out owre, s. *out over.*

Owene; awen, ain, s. *own.*

Owre, s. *over.*

## P.

Pardè, *perdie, verily; f. par dieu.*

Pauky, s. *sbrewd, cunning, sly; or, saucy, insolent.*

Pece, *piece, sc. of cannon.*

Pees, *pele, peace.*

Pe'e, a *baker's peel.*

Pentarchye of *tenses, five tenses.*

Perchmine, f. *parchment.*

Per fay, s. *verily, f. p w foy.*

Perkin, *diminutive of Peter.*

Perfit, s. *pearced, pierced.*

Petye,

Petye, *pity*.  
 Peyn, *pain*.  
 Pibrochs, *s. Highland war-tunes*.  
 Playand, *s. playing*.  
 Plett, *s. platted*.  
 Plyz', *plight*.  
 Plowmell, *p. 21, a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plow, still used in the North; in the midland counties in its stead is used a plow-latchet*.  
 Poll cat, *a cant word for a Whore*.  
 Pollys, *powls, folk, head*.  
 Poudred, *p. 19, a term in Heraldry, for Sprinkled over*.  
 Powlls, *pell, beads*.  
 Prayse-folk, *p*.  
 Prest, *f. ready*.  
 Priefe, *p. 8, prove*.  
 Priving, *s. proving, tasting*.  
 Prove, *p. 42, prof.*  
 Prude, *p. 4, pride. It proud*.  
 Puing, *s. pulling*.  
 Purchased, *p. 12, procured*.  
 Purvayed, *provided*.

## Q.

Quat, *s. quitted*.  
 Quaint, *p. 229 cunning; p. 247, nice, fanciful*.  
 Quel, *p. 125, cruel, murderous*.  
 Quilleis, *quibbles, L. quilibet*.  
 Quayle, *s. while*.  
 Qyze, *s. quite*.  
 Qwyknit, *s. quickened, restored to life*.

## R.

Rae, *a roc*.  
 Raik, *s. to go apace. Raik on law, go fast in a race*.

Raunted, *s. p. 61, were merry. Vid. Gl. to Gent. Shepberd*.  
 Raught, *reached, gained, obtained*.  
 Razt, *raught, or p. 22, rest, be-rest*.  
 Rea'me, *reaume, realm*.  
 Rede, *redde, p. 9, read*.  
 Rede, *read, p. 31, advise, advice*.  
 Redretle, *p. 71, care, labour*.  
 Refe, *reve, reeve, bailiff*.  
 Refe, *bercave, or perhaps, rive, split, p.*.  
 Reil, *s. advise*.  
 Remeid, *s. remedy*.  
 Rescous, *rescues*.  
 Reve, *p. 19, bereave, deprive*.  
 Revers, *s. robbers, pirates, rowers*.  
 Rew, *s. take pity*.  
 Reweth, *regrets, has reason to repent*.  
 Rin, *s. run*.  
 Rise, *p. 278, shoot, bush, shrub*.  
 Rive, *p. 281, rise, abounding*.  
 Rood loft, *the place in the church where the images were set up*.  
 Rudd, *ruddiness, complexion*.  
 Rude, *s. rood, cross*.  
 Ruell-bones, *p. 18, perhaps bones diversly coloured, f. rio'è,—or perhaps small bone-rings, from the fr. rouelle, a small ring or hoop. Cotgrav Diction*.  
 Rugged, *p. 23, pulled with violence*.  
 Rushy, *s. p. 78, should be rashy gair, rusty stuff; ground covered with rushes*.  
 Ruthe, *p. 42, pity; p. 206, woe*.  
 Ryschlys, *p. 23, rushes*.  
 Rywe, *rué*.  
 Ryzt, *right*.

## S.

Safer, *p. 18, note, saphyre*.

Saif,

Salf, *s. save*, Savely, *safely*.

Saisede, *seized*.

Say, *p. 28, assay, attempt*.

Scant, *scarce*.

Schall, *shell*.

Schattered, *scattered*.

Schaw, *s. show*.

Schene, *s. sheen, shining; Also brightness*.

Schiples, *s. shipless*.

Scho, *s. she*.

Schuke, *s. shook*.

Sclat, *slate, p. 12, little table-book of slates to write upon*.

Scomfit, *discomfit*.

Scot, *tax, revenue. p. 5, a year's tax of the kingdom; also shot, reckoning*.

Se, sene, seying; Jee, seen, seeing.

See, fees, *s. sea, fear*.

Sek, *sack, p. 18*.

Sely, seely, *silly, simple*.

Selven, *self*.

Selver, filler, *s. silver*.

Sen, *s. since*.

Senvy, *mustard-seed, f. fenvie*.

Seve, *p. 281, seven*.

Sey yow, *p. 11, say to, tell you*.

Seyd, *s. saw*,

Shave, *p. 69, be shave, been shaven*.

Sheeve, shive, *a great slice or luncheon of bread, p. 245*.

Shirt of male, or mail, *was a garment for defence made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat. According to some, the Hawberk was so formed*.

Sho, *s. she*.

Shope, *p. 273, betook me, skaped my course*.

Shorte, *s. shorten*.

Shireward, *a male shrew*.

Shrew, *a bad, an ill-temper'd person*.  
Shrive, *confess; Item, bear confession*.

Shynand, *s. shining*.

Shurting, *recreation, diversion, pastime, p. 15. Vid. Gaw. Dougl. Gloss*.

Shunted, *shunned*.

Sich, sic, *s. such*, Sich, *s. sigh*

Side, *s. long*.

Sindle, *s. seldom*.

Sitteth, *p. 3, sit ye*.

Skaith, scath, *barm mischief*.

Skalk, *p. 124, perhaps from the Germ. Schalck, malicious, perverse. (Sic Dan.*

Skalck, *Nequitia, malicia, &c. Sheringham de Angl.*

Orig. *p. 318.*)—Or perhaps from the Germ. Schalchen, to squint. Hence our Northern word, skelly, to squint.

Skinker, *one that serves drink*.

Skomfit, *discomfit*.

Skott, *shot, reckoning*.

Slattered, slit, *broke into splinters*.

Sle, flea, fley, flo, *slay*.

Slee, *s. slay, also fly*.

Sond, *a present, a sending*.

Sone, soon, *p. 9, soon*.

Sonn, *p. 278, son, sun*.

Soth, sooth, *truth; also, true*.

Soothly, *truly*.

Sould, *s. suld, should. (p. 17.)*

Souling, *p. 246. viſtualling*.

Sowle is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread. A. S. Suple, Suple.

Job. 21. 5. (or to sowle, may be from the French word saouler "to stuff and cram, "to glut." vid. Cotgrave.)

Sowne, sound, *p. 47. (rhythmi gr.)*

Spec, spak, spack, *s. spake*.

Speere, *p. 135. vide locum*.

- Speered, sparred, *i. e.* fastened,  
*shut* \*. *vid p.* 135.  
 Speir, *s.* spear, *spear*.  
 Speir, *s.* (*p.* 62.) spear, speare,  
*ask, inquire, Vid. Gloss. vol.* 3.  
 Spence, spens, *expence*.  
 Spindles and whorles, *the in-*  
*struments used for spinning in*  
*Scotland, instead of spinning-*  
*wheels* †.  
 Spilt, *s.* spilt.  
 Spole, *shoulder, f.* espaulé.  
*p.* 193, *it seems to mean*  
*"arm pit."*  
 Sporeles, *spurless, without spurs*.  
 Stalwart, stalworth, *stout*.  
 Startopes, *buskins, or half-boots,*  
*worn by rustics, laced down*  
*before*.  
 Stead, stede, *place*.  
 Steir, *s.* stir.  
 Stel, *steel, steilly, s.* steely.  
 Stound, *time, a stound, a while,*  
*Stown, s.* stolen.  
 Stoup of weir, *p.* 104, *a pillar of*  
*war*.  
 Strike, *p.* 12, *stricken*.  
 Stra, strae, *s.* straw,  
 Sturt, *start*.  
 Suth, *swith, soon, quickly*.  
 Suore bi ys chin, *sworn by his*  
*chin*.  
 Sware, *swearing, oath*,  
 Swa, *sa, so*.  
 Swarv, *swarved, climbed; or, as*  
*it is now expressed in the mid-*  
*land counties, Swarmed: To*  
*swarm, is to draw oneself up a*  
*tree, or any other thing, clinging*  
*to it with the legs, and arms;*  
*as hath been suggested by an*  
*ingenious Correspondent*.  
 Swaird, *the grassy surface of the*  
*ground*.  
 Swearde, *sword, sword*.  
 Swevens, *dreams*.  
 Swypyng, *p.* 22, *striking fast;*  
*[Cimb. snipan, cito agere,*  
*or rather "scourging," from*  
*volvere, raptare.] Scot.*  
 Sweap, *to scourge, Vid Gloss.*  
*to Gaw. Douglas*.  
 Swepyls, *p.* 21, *A Swepyl is*  
*that staff of the flail, with*  
*which the corn is beaten out,*  
*vulg. a Supple: (called in*  
*the midland counties a Swind-*  
*gell; where the other part is*  
*termed the Hand-staff.)*  
 Swinkers, *labourers*.  
 Swyving, *working*.  
 Swyke, *figb*.  
 Syns, *since, Syne, s.* then  
 Sythemell, *p.* 66. *Ismael*.  
 Sych, *suck*.  
 Syth, *since*.  
 Syzt, *fight*.  
 T.  
 Take, *p.* 25, *taken*.  
 Taiken, *s.* *p.* 108, *token, sign*.  
 Targe, *target, shield*.  
 Te, *to; to make, p.* 3, *to make*.  
 Te he! *interjection of laughing*.  
 Tent, *s.* *bed*.

\* So in an old "Treatise agaynst Pestilence, &c 4to Emprynted  
 " by Wynkyn de Worde:" we are exhorted to "SPERE [i. e. shut  
 " or bar] the wyndowes ayenst the south." fol. 5.

† THE ROCK, SPINDLES, and WHORLES, are very much used in  
 Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time.  
 The thread for shoe-makers, and even some linen-webs, and all the  
 twine of which the Tweed Salmon-nets are made, are spun upon  
 SPINDLES. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread  
 than Spinning-wheels.

MR. LAMB.

Terry,

Terry, diminutive of Thierry.  
Theodoricus, Didericus. Lat.  
also of Terence.

Tha, p. 22, *them*, Thah, *though*.  
Thare, *there*, ther, *there*, there.  
The, *these*.

The God, p. 25, *seems contracted*  
for The he, i. e. *high God*.

The, thee, *thrive*. So mote I  
thee, p. 88, *So may I thrive\**.

Thii, p. 281, *they*.

Thi sone, p. 9, *thy son*.

Thilke, *this*.

Thir. s. *this, these*.

Thir towmonds, s. *these twelve*  
*months*.

Tho, *then*, p. 33, *those, the*.

Thole; tholed, *suffer; suffered*.

Thoust, *thou shalt or shouldst*.

Thrang, s. *throng, close*.

Thrawis, s. *threes*.

Thirti thousand, *thirty thousand*.

Thrie, s. *three, three*.

Thrif, *thrive*.

Thruch, through, s. *through*.

Thud, p. 108, *noise of a fall*.

Tibbe. In Scotland Tibbe is  
the diminutive of Isabel.

Tild down, p. 279. *pitched, qt.*

Till, s. to p. 16. *when, query*.

Timkin, diminutive of Timothy.

Tint, s. *lost*.

To, too.

Too-fall, † s. p. 380, *twilight*.

Traiterye, *treason*.

Trie, s. *tree, tree*.

Trichard, *treacherous*, f. tri-  
cheur. Vid. p. 3.

Triethen, *trick, deceive*. Ibid.

Trough, *truth, trot*.

Trow, *think, believe, trust*.

Trumped, p. 15, *boasted, told*  
*bragging, lies, lying stories*.

So in the North they say,  
"that's a Trump," i. e. a  
lie. "She goes about trump-  
ing, i. e. telling lies.

Trumps made of a tree. p. 21,  
perhaps "wooden trumpets:"  
musical instruments fit enough  
for a mock tournament.

Take gude keip, s. *kept a close*  
*eye upon her*.

Turnes a crab, sc. at the fire:  
*roasts a crab*.

Twirle twist, s. p. 101, *tho-*  
*roughly twisted*: "twisted,"  
"twirled twist." f. *tortille*.

## V.

Vair, Somersetsb. Dialect, *fair*.

Valzient, s. *valiant*.

Uch, *each*.

Vive, p. 281, Somerset. *five*.

Unseeled, p. *opened*; a term  
in Falconry.

Unmusit, s. *undisturbed, uncon-*  
*founded*. perb. *unmuvit*.

Unsonsie, s. *unlucky unfortunate*.

Vriers, Som, *friers*, p. 296, (*is*  
*is Vicars, in PGC*)

Uthers, s. *others*.

Vazen, Som, *probably for faitben*,  
i. e. *faiths*; as *bousen, closen, &c.*

## W.

Wa, s. p. 97, *way*, p. 216, *wall*.

Wad, s. *would*.

Waine, *waggon*.

Wallowit, s. *faded, withered*.

Warne, s. *womb*.

Wan neir, s. *drew near*.

Wanruse, s. *uneasy*.

\* So in Chaucer, *passim*. *Canterb. Tales*. Vol. I. p. 308.

"God let him never THE."

† "Toofall of the Night," seems to be an image drawn from a sus-  
pended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below. [Mr. LAMBE.]

War ant wys, *p. 8, wary and wise*  
 Ward, *s. watch, sentinel.*  
 Warke, *s. work.*  
 Warld, *s. world.*  
 Waryd, *s. accursed.*  
 Wate, *s. weete, wete, witte,*  
*wot, wote, wotte. know.*  
 Weale, weel, weil, wele, *s. well*  
 We'rifu', *wearisome, tiresome,*  
*disturbing.*  
 Wee, *s. little.*  
 Weet, *s. wet.*  
 Weid, *s. wede, weed, cloaths,*  
*cloathing*  
 Weldyng, *ruling.*  
 Weinde, *s. wende, went, weende*  
*weened, thought.*  
 Wene; weeneft, *ween; weeneft.*  
 Wend, wenden, *go.*  
 Wende, *went, p. 9, wendeth, goetb*  
 Wer, *were.*  
 Wereth, *p. 276, defendetb.*  
 Werre: weir, *s. war, Warris,*  
*s. war's.*  
 Wes, *was.*  
 Westlin, *s. western.*  
 Whang, *s. a large slice.*  
 Wheder, *whither.*  
 Wheelyng, *wheeling.*  
 Whig, *four whey, or butter-milk.*  
 Whorles, *See Spindles.*  
 Wildings, *wild apples.*  
 Winsome, *s. agreeable, engaging.*  
 Win, *s. get, gain.*  
 Wirke wislier, *work more wisely.*  
 Wife, wift, *know, knew.*  
 Withoufen, *without.*  
 Wobster, *s. webster, weaver.*  
 Wode-ward, *p. 38, towards*  
*the wood.*  
 Woe worth, *woe be to [thee.]*  
 Won, *wont, usage.*  
 Wonders, *wonderous.*  
 Wood, *mad, furious.*  
 Wote, wot, *know, I wote verily.*  
 Worshipfully friended, *p. 257,*  
*of worshipful friends.*  
 Wow, *An exclamation of won-*  
*der; also vow, Lond. Dialect.*

Wreake, *pursue revengefully.*  
 Wrech, *s. wretchedness.*  
 Wrouzt, *wrought.*  
 Wynnen, *win, gain.*  
 Wisse, *p. 8, direct, govern, take*  
*care of. A. S. pyrrian:*

## Y.

Y. I. Y syng, *I sing.*  
 Yae, *s. each.*  
 Y beare; Y-boren. *beare;*  
*borne. so* Y-founde, *found.*  
 Y-mad, *made.* Y-wonne,  
*won.*  
 Y-core, *chosen.*  
 Y-wis, *[I know] verily.*  
 Y-zote, *molton, melted.*  
 Yalping, *s. yelping.*  
 Ycha, ilka, *each, every.*  
 Ycholde, *yef, I should, if.*  
 Ychon, *each one.*  
 Yearded, *p. 280, buried.*  
 Yede, yode, *went.*  
 Yfere, *together.*  
 Yf, *if.*  
 Yll, *ill.*  
 Yn, *house, home.*  
 Ys, *p. 10, is, p. 4, his, p. 8, in his.*

## Z.

Zacring bell, *Som. Sacring bell,*  
*a little bell rung to give no-*  
*tice of the elevation of the host.*  
*(It is Zeering in PCC. p. 298.)*  
 Zede, *p. yede, went.*  
 Zee, zeene, *Som. see, seen.*  
 Zef, *yef, if.*  
 Zeirs, *s. years.*  
 Zeme, *take care of. A. S.*  
*zēman*  
 Zent, *through, A. S. zeond.*  
 Zestrene, *s. yester-e'en.*  
 Zit, *s. zet yet.*  
 Zoud, *s. you'd, you would.*  
 Zule, *s. yule, christmas.*  
 Zung, *s. young.*



No. VII. p. 147. *The Ballad of FAIR ROSAMOND appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen: &c. By Thomas Delone. Lond. 1612." 4to.*

No. XXVI. p. 260. *The history of JANE SHORE receives new illustration from the following letter of K. RICHARD III. which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. Num. 433, Art. 237E, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to RUSSEL bp of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484.*

*By the KING.*

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c. signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth, to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertized, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, committing her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season. Given, &c.

"RIC. Rex."

*It appears from two articles in the same MS. that K. Richard had granted to the said THOMAS LYNOM the office of King's Solicitor (Art. 134.), and also the Manor of Colmeworth, com. Bedf. to him and his Heirs Male (Art. 596.)*

THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE

will receive illustration from another specimen in WARTON'S "History of English Poetry," Vol. I. p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Nun. 44, in the Ashmol. MSS. containing 27 passus, and beginning thus:

Whener folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,  
fayne wolde thei her [*i. e.* bear]  
Some farand thing, &c.

It is well observed by Mr. TYRWHITT, on CHAUCER'S sneer at this old alliterative metre: (Vol. III. p. 305) viz.

—— I am a Sotherne [*i. e.* Southern] man,  
I cannot gesse, rom, ram, raf, by my letter.

that the fondness for this species of versification, &c. was retained longest in the Northern provinces: And that the Author of "Pierce Poughman's Vision" is in the best MSS. called WILLIAM, without any surname. See Vol. IV. p. 74.

THE END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.





*The Notes referred to Vol. 2.<sup>d</sup> pag. 25.*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria*

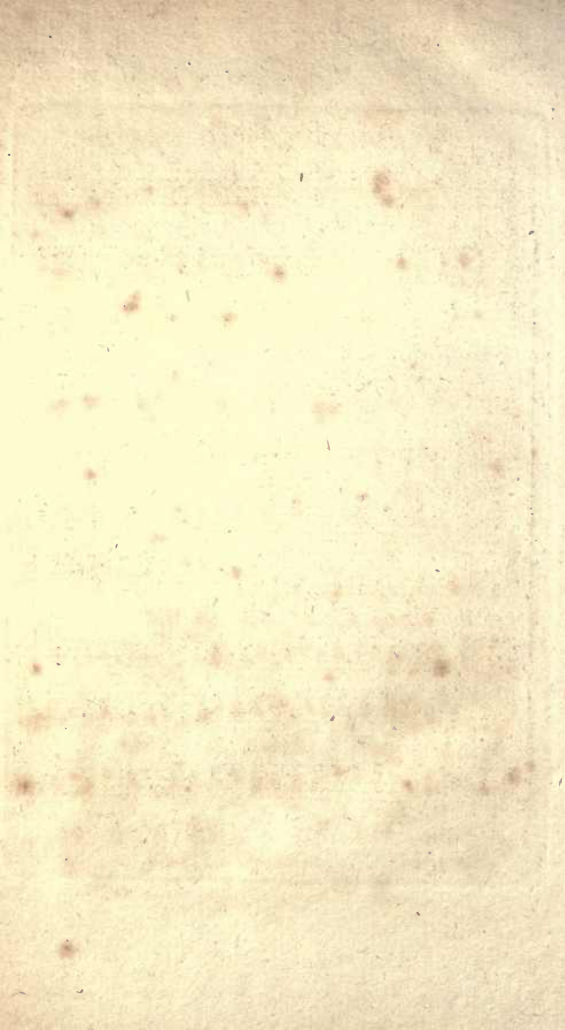
Owr Kyng went forth to Normandy with grace and  
myzt of Chyvalry, the God for hym wrouzt marvelusly

Wherefore Englonde may call and cry, *Deo Gratiās.*

*Deo Gratiās, Anglia redde pro Victoria.*

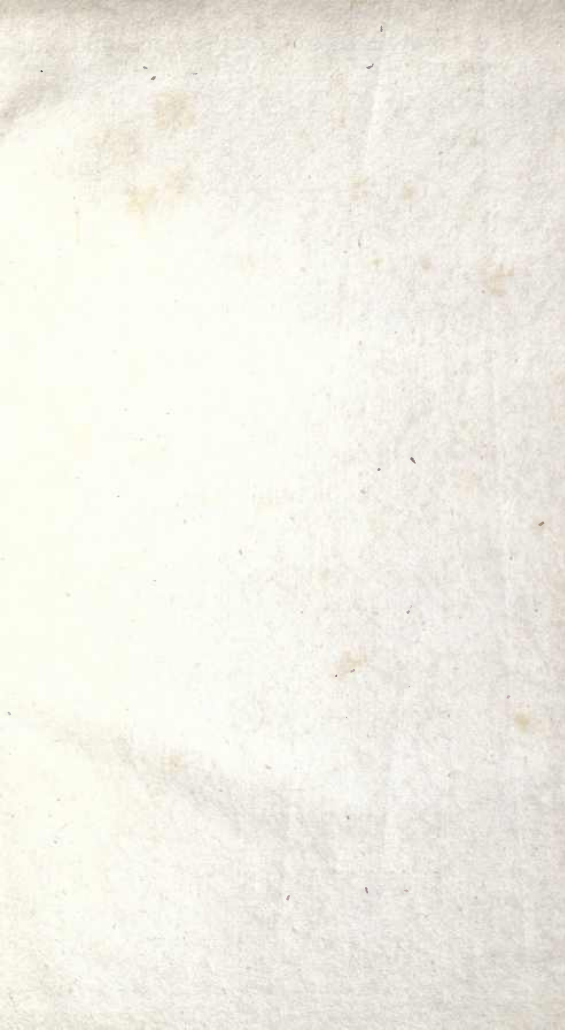
CHORUS

*To come in at the End of Vol. 2.<sup>d</sup>*



















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